Lusts Dominion;

OR, THE

Lascivious Queen.

A

TRAGEDIE.

by Christopher Marloe.

LONDON,
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EGH.
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To my worthily honored Friend William Carpenter, *Esquire.*

SIR!

MY *Ambition hath long soared so high, as to prompt me to somewhat whereby I might in part render to you my gratitude: and not yet finding any service I can act for you, a sufficient or competent return of any part of those many favours you have still honored me withall; I took on me the reso-*

lution (rather then to be thought wholly negligent of you) to lay hold on this means of rendring you my service. SIR! *This Piece, which without your favour and command had never past the Presse, I here present to you with this confidence, that as you were instrumental in its production to the world, so your name and favour will be sufficient to protect it from the calumny of this censorious age. In doing of which you will multiply those obligations you have conferred upon*

Your devoted servan

FRA. KIRKMAN. Juv.

To my honored Friend Mr. *F. K.* on the publishing this Tragedie.

IN this Distemper'd Age where we do finde,
Nothing more wav'ring then the Peoples minde.
How they Despise Religion, Break the Laws,
Deride at all that's Good, with wild Applause
Cry up what's Bad, and stiffly do Maintein
All things went wrong, whilst Monarchy did Reign.
Can'st then Expect a Pleasing Eye from Them
Have Trampl'd on the Sacred Diadem:
I Know thou do'st not, But 'tis thy Intent
To shew what Lust and Cruelty invent
To compasse their Designs, Teaching this Age,
First to Reform, and then Repeal the Stage.
A Queen is Pictur'd here, whose lustful Flame
Was so Insatiate, that it wants a Name
To Speak it forth, Seeking to Bastardize
Her Royal Issue that a MOOR might Rise.
He Flatter'd Her, on purpose to Obtain
His Ends to Sit on th' Royal Throne of Spain.
Black as his Face his Deeds appear'd at last,
And what He Climb'd by, Did His Ruine hast.
So may they Fall, that seek for to Betray,
And Lead the People in an Unknown Way:
As in a Glasse, thus We may Clearly See,
All Vanishes That's Built on Tyranny.

P. I.

To my Esteemed Friend Mr. F. K. on his publick Impression of this Tragick-Poem.

WHat better Subject wings dull time away,
Then an Ingenious and a well-writ Play;
It doth Refine our Fancies, Judgments clear,
And fix our souls, in a sublimer Sphear.
I'le Vindicate, if any can deny;
That Plays defects of wit do oft supply.

JOHN PENRICE. *Esq.*

To my Ingenious Brother Mr. F. K. on his setting forth this Play.

What strange designe is this I undertake?
Sure 'tis no Verse that I intend to make.
And yet me-thinks this Play doth me inspire,
And all my sences with Poëtick fire
Doe's so Inflame, that had I Johnsons *Quill*
To write its worth, whole Volumes I would fill,
But I stay you too long; peruse this piece,
You'l find of language a rich Golden fleece.
Then thank my freind for publishing this Play,
Which but for him had never seen the day.

Joseph Philips, *Gent.*

The Actors Names.

Eleazar the Moor, Prince of *Fesse* and *Barbary*.

Philip King of Spain, Father to *Fernando*, *Philip*, and *Isabella*.

Fernando King of Spain }
Philip Prince of Spain } Sons to *Philip*.

Alvero a Nobleman, and Father in Law to *Eleazar*, and Father to *Hortenzo* and *Maria*.

Mendoza the Cardinal.

Christofero }
Roderigo } two Noblemen of Spain.

Hortenzo Lover to *Isabella*, and son to *Alvero*.

Zarack, }
Baltazar } two Moors, attending *Eleazar*.

Cole & }
Crab } two Friers.

Emmanuel King of Portugal.

Captain, *Souldiers*, cum aliis.

Two pages attending the Queen.

The *Queen Mother* of Spain, and wife to K. *Philip*.

Isabella the Infanta of Spain.

Maria wife to *Eleazar*, and daughter to *Alvero*.

The Scene, *SPAIN*.

Lusts Dominion;
OR, THE
Lascivious Queen.
A
TRAGEDIE.

Act. I^mus. Scena I^ma.

Enter Zaracke, Baltazar, two Moors taking tobacco; musick sounding within: enter Queen Mother of Spain with two Pages, Eleazar sitting on a chair suddenly draws the curtain.

Eleaz. ON me, do's musick spend this sound on me
That hate all unity; hah!
Zarack Baltazar?

Que. Mo. My gracious Lord.

Eleaz. Are you there with your Beagles? hark you slaves,

Did not I bind you on your lives, to watch
that none disturb'd us.

Qu. Mo. Gentle *Eleazar*.

Eleaz. There, off: Is't you that deafs me
with this noise? *Exeunt 2 Moors.*

Queen. Why is my loves asspect so grim
and horrid?
Look smoothly on me:
Chyme out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious Musicks silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my loves ears,
That he may be enamored of your tunes.
Come let's kisse.

Eleaz. Away, away.

Queen. No, no, saies I; and twice away
saies stay:
Come, come, I'le have a kiss, but if you strive
For one denial you shall forfeit five.

Eleaz. Nay prithee good Queen leave me,
I am now sick, heavie, and dull as lead.

Queen. I'le make thee lighter by taking
something from thee.

Eleaz. Do: take from mee this Ague:
and these fits that hanging on me
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A boiling with the fire of rage: away, away;
Thou believ'st I jeast: and laugh'st, to see my
wrath wear antick shapes:
Be gone, be gone.

Queen

Queen. What means my love, burſt all
thoſe wyres? burn all thoſe Inſtruments:
For they diſpleaſe my Moor. Art thou now
pleas'd,
Or wert thou now diſturb'd? I'le wage all
Spain
To one ſweet kiſſe, this is ſome new device
To make me fond and long. Oh! you
men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.
Eleaz. What die for me; away.
Queen. Away, what way? I prithee ſpeak
more kindly;
Why do'ſt thou frown? at whom?
Eleaz. At thee.
Queen. At me? Oh why at me? for each
contracted frown
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, & I ſhal look
Like to a Beldam of one hundred years:
I prithee ſpeak to me and chide me not,
I prithee chide if I have done amiſſe, *Kiſs*
But let my puniſhment be this, and this.
I prithee ſmile on me, if but a while,
Then frown on me, I'le die: I prithee ſmile:
Smile on me, and theſe two wanton boies,
theſe pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee *Jove*, ſhall wait upon thy cup
And fill thee Nectar: their enticing eies

Shal serve as chrystal, wherein thou maist see
To dresse thy self, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearle,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms
In a round Ivorie fount these two shal swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms, thy self shalt lie.

Eleaz. Why, what to do? Lusts arms do stretch so wide.
That none can fill them? I'le lay there away.

Queen. Where hast thou learn'd this language? that can say
No more but two rude words; away, away:
Am I grown ugly now?

Eleaz. Ugly as hell.

Queen. Thou lovd'st me once.

Eleaz. That can thy bastards tell.

Qu. What is my sin? I will amend the same.

Eleaz. Hence strumpet, use of sin makes thee past shame.

Qu. Strumpet. *Eliaz.* I Strumpet.

Qu. Too true 'tis, woe is me;
I am a Strumpet, but made so by thee.

Eleaz. By me; no, no; by these young bauds; fetch thee a glasse
And thou shalt see the bals of both thine eies
Burning in fire of lust; by me? there's here

Within

Within this hollow cistern of thy breast
A spring of hot blood: have not I to cool it
Made an extraction to the quintessence
Even of my soul: melted all my spirits,
Ravish'd my youth, deflour'd my lovely cheeks.
And dried this, this to anatomy
Only to feed your lust, (these boies have ears):
Yet wouldst thou murther me.

Queen. I murder thee?

Eleaz. I cannot ride through the Castilian streets
But thousand eies through windows, and through doors
Throw killing looks at me, and every slave
At *Eleazar* darts a finger out,
And every hissing tongue cries, There's the Moor,
That's he that makes a Cuckold of our King,
there go's the Minion of the Spanish Queen;
That's the black Prince of Divels, there go's hee
That on smooth boies, on Masks and Revellings
Spends the Revenues of the King of Spain.
Who arms this many headed beast but you,
Murder & Lust are twins, and both are thine;
Being weary of me thou wouldst worry me,

Becauſe ſome new love makes thee loath thine old.

Qu. Eleazar!

Eleaz. Harlot! I'le not hear thee ſpeak.

Queen. I'le kill my ſelf unleſs thou hear'ſt me ſpeak.

My husband King upon his death-bed lies,
Yet have I ſtolne from him to look on thee;
A Queen hath made her ſelf thy Concubine:
Yet do'ſt thou now abhor me, hear me ſpeak!
Elſe ſhall my ſons plague thy adult'rous wrongs,
And tread upon thy heart for murd'ring me,
Thy tongue hath murd'red me (Cry murder boyes)

2 *Boies* Murder! the Queen's murd'red!

Eleaz. Love? ſlaves peace?

2 *Boies* Murder! the Queen's murd'red!

Eleaz. Stop your throats?

Hark Huſh you Squales; Dear love look up:
Our Chamber window ſtares into the Court,
And every wide mouth'd ear, hearing this news
Will give Alarum to the cuckold King.
I did diſſemble when I chid my love,
And that diſſembling was to try my love

Queen Thou call'dſt me ſtrumpet.

Eleaz. I'le tear out my tongue
From this black temple for blaſpheming thee.

thee.

Queen And when I woo'd thee but to
smile on me,
Thou cri'dst, away, away, and frown'dst upon mee.

Eleaz. Come now I'le kiss thee, now I'le
smile upon thee;
Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red:
Come frown not, pout not, smile, smile,
but upon me
And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
And quaffe carowses to thee of my blood,
Whil'st in moist Nectar kisses thou do'st
pledge me.
How now, why star'st thou thus?

Knock.

Enter Zarack.

Zarack. The King is dead.

Eleaz. Ha! dead! you hear this, is't true,
is't true, the King dead!
Who dare knock thus?

Zarack. It is the Cardinall, making inquiry if the Qeen were here.

Eleaz. See? shee's here, tell him? and yet
Zarack stay.

Enter Baltazar.

Baltaz. *Don Roderigo's* come to seek the Queen.

Eleaz. Why should *Roderigo* seek her here?

Baltaz. The King hath wounded thrice, and being recovered,
Sends up and down the Court, to seek her grace.

Eleaz. The King was dead with you; Run? and with a voice.
Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten
To *Roderigo* and the Cardinall.
Seek no Queens here, I'le broach them if they do,
Upon my falchions point. Again more knocking! *Knock again*

Zarack. Your father is at hand, my Gracious Lord.

Eleaz. Lock all the chambers, bar him out you apes.
Hither, a vengeance; stir *Eugenia*,
You know your old walk under ground, away.
So down hye to the King, quick, quick, you Squalls
Crawle with your Dam, i'th dark, dear love farewell,

One day I hope to shutt you up in hell.

Eleazar shuts them in.

Act. I^mus. Scena II^da.

Enter Alvero.

Alvero. SOn *Eleazar*, saw you not the Queen?

Eleaz. Hah!

Alvero. Was not the Queen here with you?

Eleaz. Queen with mee; because my Lord I'me married to your daughter: You (like your daughter) will grow Jealous, The Queen with me, with me, a *Moore*, a Devill, A slave of *Barbary*, a dog; for so Your silken Courtiers christen me, but father Although my flesh be tawny, in my veines, Runs blood as red, and royal as the best And proud'st in Spain, there do'es old man: my father, Who with his Empire, lost his life, And left me Captive to a Spanish Tyrant, Oh! Go tell him! Spanish Tyrant? tell him, do? He that can loose a kingdom and not rave, He's a tame jade, I am not, tell old *Philip*

I call him Tyrant here's a sword & arms,
A heart, a head, and so pish, 'tis but death:
Old fellow shee's not here. But ere I dye,
Sword I'le bequeath thee a rich legacy.

Alvaro. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs then now,
Deaths frozen hand hold's Royal *Philip's* heart,
Halfe of his body lies within a grave;
Then do not now by quarrells shake that state,
Which is already too much ruinate.
Come and take leave of him before he dye.

Exit.

Eleaz. I'le follow you, now purple villany;
Sit like a Roab imperiall on my back,
That under thee I closelyer may contrive
My vengeance; foul deeds hid do sweetly thrive:
Mischief erect thy throne and sit in state
Here, here upon this head; let fools fear fate.
Thus I defie my starrs, I care not I
How low I tumble down, so I mount high.
Old time I'le wait bare-headed at thy heels,
and be a foot-boy to thy winged hours;
They shall not tell one Minute out in sands,
But I'le set down the number, I'le stil wake,
And waste these bals of sight by tossing them,
In busie observations upon thee.

Sweet

Sweet opportunity I'le bind my self
to thee in base apprentice-hood so long,
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine: & all hands shal lay hold on thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty sithe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs,
And my revenge. Love dance in twenty formes
Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
May be bewitch'd, and doat, her amorous flames
Shall blow up the old King. Consume his Sons,
And make all Spain a bonefire.
This Tragedie beeing acted hers does begin,
To shed a harlots blood can be no sin.

Exit.

Act. I^mus. Scena 3^tia.

The Curtains being drawn there appears in his bed King Phillip, with his Lords, the Princesse Isabella, at the feet Mendoza, Alvero, Hortensio, Fernando, Roderigo, and to them Enter Queen in hast.

Queen. WHose was that Screech-Owls voice, that like the sound
Of a hell-tortur'd soul rung through mine ears
Nothing but horrid shreiks, nothing but death?
Whil'st I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,
Drowning my withered cheeks in my warm tears,
And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven
Health for the Royal Majestie of Spain,
All cry'd, The Majestie of Spain is dead:
That last word [dead] struck through the ecchoing air,
Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
Breathlesse to the cold earth, and made me leave

My

My praiers for *Philips* life, but thanks to heaven
I see him live, and lives I hope to see
Unnumbred years to guide this Empery.
K. Phil. The number of my years ends in one day,
E're this Sun's down all a King's glory sets,
For all our lives are but deaths counterfeits.
Father *Mendoza* and you Peers of *Spain*,
Dry your wet eies, for sorrow wanteth force
T'inspire a breathing soul in a dead coarse;
Such is your King: Where's *Isabel* our Daughter?
Mendo. At your beds-feet confounded in her tears.
K. Phil. She of your grief the heaviest burthen bears;
You can but lose a King, but she a Father.
Queen. She bear the heaviest burthen; Oh say rather
I bear, and am born down, my sorrowing
Is for a husbands losse, losse of a King.
K. Phil. No more, *Alvero* call the Princess hither.
Alvero. Madam, his Majestie doth call for you.
K. Ph. Come hither *Isabella*, reach a hand;
Yet now it shall not need, in stead of thine
Death shoving thee back clasps his hands in mine,

And

And bids me come away; I must, I must;
Though Kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not Prince *Philip* come from Portugal?
Roder. The Prince as yet is not return'd, my Lord.
K. Ph. Commend me to him, if I ne're behold him:
This tells the order of my funeral,
Do it as 'tis set down? Embalm my body;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh;
Yet Kings are curious here to dig their graves,
Such is man's frailty; when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich Roial Robe,
According to the custome of the Land;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine
Which death hath builded for my ancestors:
I cannot name death, but he strait steps in,
And pulls me by the arm.
Fern. His Grace doth faint: help me my Lords softly to raise him up.

Enter Eleazar, and stands sadly by.

K. Phil. Lift me not up, I shortly must go down,
When a few dribling minutes have run out,
Mine hour is ended: King of *Spain* farewell:

You

You all acknowledg him your Soveraign.

All. When you are dead we will acknowledg him.

K. Phil. Govern this kingdom well; to be a King
Is given to many: but to govern well
Granted to few: have care to *Isabel*,
Her virtue was King *Philips* looking-glasse.
Reverence the Queen your mother. Love your sister,
And the young Prince your brother; even that day
When Spain shall solemnize my Obsequies,
And lay me up in earth; let them crown you.
Where's *Eleazar*, *Don Alvero's* son?

Fernand. Yonder with croft arms stands he malecontent.

K. Phil. I do commend him to thee for a man
Both wise and warlike; yet beware of him,
Ambition wings his spirit, keep him down;
What wil not men attempt to win a crown.
Mendoza is Protector of thy Realm,
I did elect him for his gravity,
I trust hee'l be a father to thy youth:
Call help *Fernando*, now I faint indeed.

Fern. My Lords.

K. Phil. Let none with a distracted voice

Shreik

Shreik out, and trouble me in my departure:
Heavens hands I see are beckning for my soul;
I come, I come; thus do the proudest die,
Death hath no mercy, life no certainty.

Mendo. As yet his soul's not from her temple gone,
Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

Queen. Mo. Oh he is dead, hee's dead! lament and die,
In her King's end begins Spains misery.

Isa. He shall not end so soon; Father, dear Father!

Fern. Forbear sweet *Isabella*, shreiks are vain.

Isa. You crie forbear, you by his losse of breath
Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear:
But I have lost a Father, and a King;
And no tongue shal controul my sorrowing.

Horten. Whither, good *Isabella*?

Isa. I will go,
Where I will languish in eternal wo.

Horten. Nay, gentle Love.

Isa. Talk not of love to me.
The world and the worlds pride henceforth I'le scorn. *Exit.*

Hort. My love shall follow thee, if thou deny'st
To live with poor *Hortenzo* as his wife;

I'le

I'le never change my love, but change my life.

Enter Philip Hastily.

Phillip. I know he is not dead, I know proud Death
Durst not behold such sacred majesty.
Why stand you thus distracted? Mother, Brother,
My Lord *Mendoza*, where's my Royal father?
Qu. Here lyes the temple of his Royall soul.
Fernan. Here's all that's left of *Philips* Majesty.
Wash you his tombe with tears; *Fernandes* mone,
Hating a Partner, shall be spent alone. *Exit.*
Phil. Oh happy father, miserable Sonne!
Philip is gone to Joy *Philip's* forlorn:
He dies to live; my life with woe is torn.
Qu. Sweet sonne.
Phil. Sweet mother: oh! how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul so fair a name:
Had you been a true mother, a true wife,
This King had not so soon been robb'd of life.
Qu. What means this rage, my sonne?
Phil. Call not me your sonne:

My

My father whilſt he liv'd tyr'd his ſtrong armes
In bearing chriſtian armour, gainſt the Turk's
And ſpent his brains in warlike ſtratagems
To bring Confuſion on damn'd Infidels;
Whil'ſt you that ſnorted here at home betraid
His name to everlaſting Infamy;
Whilſt you at home ſuffered his bed-chamber
To be a Brothelry, whilſt you at home
Suffered his Queen to be a Concubine,
And wanton red cheekt boy's to be her bawds
Whilſt ſhee reeking in that leachers armes.

Eleaz. Me!

Phil. Villaine 'tis thee, thou hel-begotten fiend at thee I ſtare.

Qu. Philip thou art a villain to diſhonour me.

Phil. Mother I am no villain; 'tis this villain
Diſhonours you and me, diſhonours Spain,
Diſhonours all theſe Lords, this Divell is he, that——

Eleaz. What? Oh pardon me I muſt throw off
All chains of duty: wert thou ten Kings ſons,
Had I as many ſoules as I have ſins:
As this from hence, ſo they from this ſhould fly;

In

In just revenge of this Indignity.

Phil. Give way, or I'le make way upon your bosoms.

Eleazer. Did my dear Soveraigne live, sirrha that tongue.

Queen. Did but King Philip live, traytor I'de tell,——

Phil. A tale, that should rid both your soules to hell.

Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his Queen,
That Philip's Queen is a Moor's Concubine:
Did the King live I'de tell him how you two,
Rip't up the entrails of his treasury:
With Masques and antick Revellings.

Eleaz. Words insupportable; do'st hear me boy?

Que. Stand you all still, and see me thus trod down.

Phil. Stand you all still, yet let this divell stand here.

Mendo. Forbear sweet Prince; *Eleazar*, I am now
Protector to *Fernando* King of Spain:
By that authority and by consent
Of all these peers, I uterly deprive thee
Of all those Royalties thou hold'st in Spain,

Qu. M. Cardinall, who lends thee this Commission?

Ele. Cardinall, I'le shorten thee by the head for this.

Phil. Forward my Lord *Mendoza*, damne the feind:

Eleaz. Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?

All. wee doe.

Qu. For what cause? let his faith be try'd.

Men. His treasons needs no tryal, they're too plain;

Come not within the Court, for if you do,
To beg with Indian slaves I'le banish you.

Exeunt all, but Alvero, Queen, and Eleaz.

Act. II. Scena IV.

Alvero. WHy should my sonne be banished? *Enter Maria.*

Qu. Of that dispute not now *Alvero*,
Ple to the King my sonne, it shall be try'de
If *Castiles* King can cool a *Cardinall's* pride.

Exeunt Queen and Alvero.

Eleaz. If I digest this Gall; *Oh!* my *Maria*;
I am whipt, and rackt, and torn upon the wheel
Of giddy fortune: She and her Minions
Have got me down, and treading on my bosome,

They

They cry, lye still: the Cardinal
(Oh! rare) would bandy me away from
Spain,
And banish me to beg; I, beg with slaves.
Maria. Conquer with patience these in-
dignityes.
Eleaz. Patience; ha, ha: yes, yes: an
honest Cardinall.
Ma. Yet smother the grief & seek revenge.
Eleaz. Hah! banish me, 'foot, why
say hey do;
Ther's Portugal a good air, & France a fine
Country;
Or Barbary rich, and has Moors; the Turke
Pure Divell, and allowes enough to fat
The sides of villany; good living there:
I can live there, and there, and there,
Troth 'tis, a villain can live any where:
But say I goe from hence, I leave behind me
A Cardinall, that will laugh, I leave behind
me
A Philip, that will clap his hands for joy;
And dance levaltoes through the Castile
Court.
But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave
My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,
Oh! unrevenged; my bed-rid enemies
Shal never be rais'd up by the strong Physical,

And

Curing of my ſword, therefore ſtay ſtill;
Many have hearts to ſtrike, that dare not kil:
Leave me *Maria*: Cardinall, this diſgrace,
Shall dye thy ſoule, as Inky as my face:
Piſh, hence *Maria*. *Enter Alvero.*

Maria. To the King I'le fly.
He ſhall reveng my Lord's indignity. *Exit.*

Alve. Mendoza woo's the King to baniſh thee;
Startle thy wonted ſpirits, awake thy ſoul,
And on thy reſolution faſten wings,
Whoſe golden feathers may out-ſtrip their hate,

Eleaz. I'le tye no golden fethers to my wings.

Alvero. Shall they thus tread thee down, which once were glad,
To Lacquey by thy conquering Chariot wheeles.

Eleaz. I care not, I can ſwallow more ſower wrongs:

Alve. If they triumph o're thee; they'l ſpurn me down.

Eleaz. Look, ſpurn again.

Alve. what Ice hath coold that fire,
Which ſometimes made thy thoughts to heaven aſpire;
This patience had not wont to dwell with thee:

Enter

Enter. Fernando & Maria.

Eleaz. 'Tis right, but now the World's chang'd you see;
Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire,
No more, here comes the King, & my Maria;
The Spaniard loves my wife, she swears to me,
Shee's chast as the white Moon, well if she be.
Well too if shee be not, I care not, I,
I'le climb up by that love to dignitye.

Fernan. Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husbands wrong,
I woo thy fair self not to wrong thy self;
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'le swear
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

Maria. Such love as I dare yeeld, I'le not deny.

Fernan. When in the golden armes of Majesty.
I am broke off; yonder thy husband stands,
I'le set him free, if thou unite my hands,
Soe much for that. Durst then the Card'nall,
Put on such insolence; tell me fair Madam,
Wher'es your most Valiant Husband?

Eleaz. He see's me, and yet inquires for me.

Maria. Yonder's my Lord.

Fernan. Eleazar I have in my breast writ down From

From her Report your late receiv'd disgrace:
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

Eliaz. True, for my wife's sake. *aside.*

Ferman. This Indignitye will I have Interest in for being your King,
You shall perceive I'le curbe my underling:
This morning is our Coronation
And father's funerall solemnized,
Be present, step into your wonted place;
wee'l guild your dim disgraces with our grace. *Exeunt.*

Eleaz. I thank my Soveraign that you love my wife;
I thank thee wife that thou wilt lock my head
In such strong armour, to bear off all blows;
Who dare say such wives are their husbands foes:
Let's see now, by her falling I must rise.
Cardinal you die, if the King bid me live;
Philip you die for railing at me: proud Lords you die,
That with *Mendoza* cry'd, Banish the Moor.
And you my loving Liege, you're best sit fast;
If all these live not, you must die at last.

The end of the first Act.

Act. II.

Act. II. Scena. I.

Enter two Lords, Philip his brother, Mendoza, Eleazar with him, the King Crown'd, Queen mother, Alvero, Zarack, Baltazar, and attendants.

Mend. WHy stares this Divell thus, as if pale death
Had made his eyes the dreadfull messenger
To carry black destruction to the world.
Was hee not banisht Spain?

Phil. Your sacred mouth, pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment:
Then spurn the villain forth.

Eleaz. Who spurns the *Moor*, were better set his foot upon the Devill,
Do spurn me? and this confounding arm of wrath
Shal like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds
Divide his body from his soul. Stand back.
Spurn *Eleazar*?

Rode. Shall wee bear his pride.

Alve. Why not, he underwent much injurie.

Mendo. What injury have we perform'd proud Lord?

Eleaz. Proud Cardinall; my unjust banishment.

Mendo. 'Twas wee that did it; and our words are laws.

King 'Twas wee repeal'd him, and our words are laws.

Zara. Baltaz. If not these are.

All the Moors draw.

Phil. How! threatned and out-dar'd?

King Shal we give arm to hostile violence?
Sheath your swords, sheath them, it's wee command.

Eleaz. Grant *Eleaz.* justice my dread Leige.

Mendo. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
And he stands banish'd from the Court of Spain,

King Have you done justice? why Lord Cardinall,
From whom do you derive authority,
To banish him the Court without our leav?

Mendo. From this, the Staffe of our Protectorship;
From this, which the last will of your dear Father
Committed to our trust; from this high place

which

Which lifts *Mendoza's* spirits beyond the pitch
Of ordinary honour, and from this.
King Which too much over-weening Insolence Hath quite ta'ne from you, *Eleazar* up, *takes the staff from Mendoza and gives it to Eleaz.*
And from us sway this Staffe of Regency.
All. How's this?
Phil. Dare sons presume to break their fathers will?
King Dare Subjects counter-check their Soveraigns will?
'Tis done, and who gainsaies it is a Traitor.
Phil. I do *Fernando*, yet I am no Traitor.
Mendo. *Fernando* I am wrong'd by Peters Chair,
Mendoza vows revenge. I'le lay aside
My Cardinals hat, and in a wall of steel
The glorious livery of a souldier; fight for my late lost honour
King Cardinall.
Mend. *King*, thou shalt be no *King* for wronging me.
The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy Realm,
And pul obedience from thy Subjects hearts,
To put on armour of the Mother Church,
Curses shal fal like lightnings on your heads:

Bell, book and candle holy water praiers
Shal all chime vengeance to the Court Spain
Till they have power to conjre down that
feind;
That damned *Moor*, that Devil, that Lucifer,
That dares aspire the staffe, the Card'nalls
swaid.

Eleaz. Ha ha ha, I laugh yet, that the
Cardinall's vext.

Phil. Laughs thou base slave, the wrin-
ckles of that scorn
Thine own heart blood shall fill; Brother
farewell,
Since you disprove the will onr father left,
For base lust of a loathed Concubine.

Eleaz. Ha, Concubine; who does King
Philip mean?

Phil. Thy wife, thy daughter, base aspi-
ring Lords,
Who to buy honour, are content to sell,
Your names, to infamy your souls to hell:
And stamp you now? do, do, for you shal see,
I go for vengeance, and she'l com with me.

Eleaz. Stay, for she's here already, see
proud boy. *They both draw.*

Q. Mo. Hold, stay this fury, if you long
for blood.
Murder me first. Dear son you are a King:
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

King

King. Shall Kings be overswaid in their desires?

Roderi. Shall Subjects be opress'd by tyranny?

Q. Mother. No State shall suffer wrong, then hear mee speak,
Mendo, you have sworn you love the *Queen*,
Then by that love I charge you leave these arms:
Eliaz., for those favours I have given you,
Embrace the Cardinall, and be friends with him.

Eliaz. And have my wife call'd strumpet to my face.

Qu. Mo. 'Twas rage made his tongue erre, do you not know
The violent love *Mendoza* bears the *Queen*:
Then speak him fair, for in that honied breath
I'le lay a bait shall train him to his death.
Come, come, I see your looks, give way to peace;
Lord Cardinall begin, and for reward,
Ere this fair setting Sun behold his bride;
Be bold to challenge love, yet be deni'd

Aside.

Mendoz. That promise makes me yeild; my gracious Lord:
Although my disgrace hath graven his memory.

On every Spaniards eye, yet shall the duty
I owe your sacred Highness; and the love
My Country challengeth, make me lay by
Hostile intendments, and return again
To the fair circle of obedience.

King. Both pardon and our favour bids you welcome,
And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
We here create you Salamanka's *Duke*,
But first as a true signe all grudges dye;
Shake hands with *Eleazar* and be friends;
This union pleaseth us, now brother *Philip*,
You are included in this league of love,
So is *Roderigo* to forget all wrongs:
Your Castle for a while shall bid us welcom,
Eleazar shall it not? It is enough,
Lords lead the way, that whil't you feast your selves,
Fernando may find time all means to prove,
To compasse fair *Maria* for our love.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act. II. Scena II.

Enter Queen Mother, and Eleazar.

Eleaz. MAdam a word now, have you wit or spirit?

Qu. Mother. Both.

Eleaz.

Eleaz. Set them both to a most gainfull task,
Our enemies are in my Castle-work.
Qu. Mother. I; but the King's there too, it's dangerous pride,
To strike at those; that couch by a Lyons side.
Eleaz. Remove them:
Qu. Mother. How?
Eleaz. How? a thousand ways;
By poison, or by this, but every groom
Has skill in such base traffick; no our policies
Must look more strange, must flie with loftier wings:
Venge ance the higher it falls, more horror brings:
But you are cold, you dare not do.
Qu. Mother. I dare.
Eleaz. You have a womans heart, look you this hand,
Oh! 'tis too little to strike home.
Qu. Mother. At whom?
Eleaz. Your son.
Qu. Mother. Which son, the King?
Eleaz. Angels of heaven, stand like his guard about him, how? the King
Not for so many worlds as here be stars,
Sticking upon th'imbroidred firmament.

The King? he loves my wife and ſhould he die;
I know none elſe would love her, let him liv. (in heaven) good Lord *Philip*. Aſide
Queen Mother He ſhall die.
Eleaz. How? good good.
Qu. Mo. By this hand.
Eleaz. When, good good; when?
Qu. Ns This night if *Eleazer* give conſent;
El. Why then this night *Philip* ſhal not live,
To ſee you kill him. Is he not your ſon?
A mother be the murd'rer of a brat,
That liv'd within her; hah!
Qu. Mother 'Tis for thy ſake.
Eleaz. Puh! What excuſes cannot dam'd ſin make
To ſave it ſelf I know you love him well,
But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye,
To others our too hearts ſeem to be lock'd
Up in a caſe of ſteel, upon our love others
Dare not look, or if they dare, they caſt
Squint purblind glances; who care though all ſee all,
So long as none dare ſpeak, but, but *Philip*
Knows that the Iron ribs of our villains
Are thin: Hee laughs to ſee them like this hand,
With chinks, and creviſes, how a villanous eye,

A ſtabbing deſperate tongue the boy dare ſpeak,
A mouth, a villanous mouth, lets muzzle him.
Qu. Mo. How?
Ele. Thus.
Go you, and with a face well ſet do
In good ſad colours; ſuch as paint out
The cheek of that fool penitence and with a tongue
Made clean and glib, Cull from their lazy ſwarm;
Some honeſt Friers whom that damnation gold,
Can tempt to lay their ſouls to'th ſtake;
Seek ſuch they are rank and thick.
Qu. Mo. What then, I know ſuch, what's ye uſe.
Eleaz. This is excellent.
Hire theſe to write books, preach and proclaim abroad,
That your ſon *Philip* is a baſtard.
Qu. Mo. How?
Eleaz. A baſtard, do you know a baſtard, doo't;
Say conſcience, ſpeak with you, and cry'd out doo't:
By this means ſhall you thruſt him from all hopes

Of wearing Caſtiles diadem, and that ſpur
Galling his ſides, he will flye out, and fling,
And grind the Cardinals heart to a new edg
Of diſcontent, from diſcontent grows treaſon,
And on the ſtalk of treaſon death: he's dead
By this blow, and by you; yet no blood ſhed.
Doo't then; by this trick, he gon!
We ſtand more ſure in climbing high;
Care not who fall 'tis reall policie:
Are you arm'd to do this? hah!

Queen Mo. Sweet *Moor* it's done.

Eleaz. Away then, work with boldneſs, and with ſpeed;
On greateſt actions greateſt dangers feed.

Exit Qu. Mother.

Ha, ha, I thank thee provident creation,
That ſeeing in moulding me thou did'ſt intend,
I ſhould prove villain, thanks to thee and nature
That skilful workman; thanks for my face,
Thanks that I have not wit to bluſh.
What *Zarack*? ho *Baltazar*.

Enter the two Moors.

Both.

Both. my Lord.

Eleaz. Nearer, so silence;
Hang both your greedy years upon my lips,
Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath;
And in who lets it break prison, here's his death,
This night the Card'nall shall be murd'red.

Both. Where?

Ele. And to fill up a grave *Philip* dies:

Both. Where?

Ele. Here.

Both. By whom?

Ele. By thee; and slave by thee:
Have you hearts and hands to execute?

Both. Here's both.

1 *Moor.* He dies were he my father.

Ele. Ho away?
Stay, go, go, stay, see me no more till night;
Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white:

Both. Till night.

Eleaz. Till night, a word, the *Mo Qu.*
Is trying if she can with fire of gold,
Warpe the green consciences of two covetous Friers,
To preach abroad *Philip's* bastardy.

1 *Moor.* His bastardy, who was his father?

Eleazar. Who?

Search

Search for these friers, hire them to work with you;
Their holy callings will approve the fact.
Most good and meritorious; sin shines dear
When her black face Religions masque doth wear.
Aside. Here comes the *Queen*, good; and the Friers.

Act. II. Scena. III.

Enter two Friers, Crab and Cole; and Queen Mother.

Cole. YOur son a bastard, say we do,
But how then shall we deal with you?
I tell you as I said before;
His being a bastard, you are so poor
In honour and in name that time;
Can never take away the crime.
Qu. Mo. I grant that Frier, yet rather I'le endure
The wound of infamy, to kill my name,
Then to see Spain bleeding, with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious he woos greatnesse,
He take up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them. When

When he shall singer Castiles Crown: Oh then
Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Then such a base aspier fill the Throne.
Cole. Ha brother *Crab*, what think you?
Crab. As you dear brother *Cole*:
Cole. Then wee agree,
Coles Judgment is as *Crabs* you see.
Lady we swear to speak and write,
What you please so all go right.
Queen. Mo. Then as wee gave directions spread abroad,
In *Cales*, *Madrid*, *Granado*, and *Medyna*;
And all the Ryall Cities of the Realm:
Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard *Philip*,
And somtimes as you see occasion,
Tickle the years of the Rude multitude,
With *Eleazars* praises; guild his virtues,
Naples recovery and victories
Atchieved against the *Turkish Ottoman*:
Will you do this for us?
Eleaz. Say will you?
Both I.
Eleaz. Why start you back and stare? ha? are you afraid.
Cole Oh? no Sir, no, but truth to tell;
Seeing your face we thought of hell.
Eleaz. Hell is a dream.

Cole.

Cole. But none do dream in hell.
Eleaz. Friers ſtand to her; and me; and by your ſin,
I'le ſhoulder out *Mendoza* from his ſeat;
And of two Friers create you Cardinalls,
Oh! how would Cardinalls hats on theſe heads ſit,
Cole. This face would look moſt goodly under it:
Frier, *Crab* and *Cole* do ſwear,
In thoſe circles ſtill to appear:
In which ſhe, or you, do charge us riſe;
For you, our lives wee'l ſacrifice.
Valete, Gaudete;
Sipereamus flete;
Orate pro nobis,
Oramus pro vobis.
Cole will be burnt, and *Crab* be preſt;
Ere they prove knaves, thus are you croſt and bleſt.

Exeunt Friers.

Eleaz, Away; you know now Madam none ſhall throw
Their leaden envie in an oppoſite ſcale,
To weigh down our true golden happineſs.
Queen. Mo. Yes, there is one.
Eleaz. One, who? give mee his name and I will

Turn it to a magick spell,
To bind him here, here, who?

Queen Mo. Your wife *Maria.*

Eleaz. Hah! my *Maria.*

Qu. Mo. She's th' Hellespont divides my love and me,
Shee being cut off.

Eleaz. Stay, stay, cut off; let's think upon't, my wife?
Humh! Kill her too!

Qu. Mo. Do's her love make thee cold?

Eleaz. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all:
She dies, I'le cut her off: now *Baltazar.*

Enter Baltazar.

Baltaz. Madam, the King intreats your company.

Qu. Mo. His pleasure be obey'd, dear love farewell;
Remember your *Maria.* *Exit Qu. Mo.*

Eleaz. Here a dieu;
With this I'le guard her, whil'st it stabs at you.

Balt. My Lord! the Friers are won to joine with us.

Eliaz. Be prosperous about it *Baltazzar.*

Balt. The watch word.

Eleaz. Oh! the word let it be *treason*;

When

When we cry treason, break ope chamber doors:
Kill *Phillip* and the Cardinall. Hence
Balt. I fly. *Exit.*
Eleaz. Murder; now ride in triumph, darkneſſe, horror;
Thus I invoke your aid, your Act begin;
Night is a glorious Roab, for the ugliest sin.
Exit.

Act. II. Scena IV.

Ente Cole and Crab in Trouſes, the Cardinall in one of their weeds, and Philip putting on the other.

Both Friers. Put on my Lord, and flye, or elſe you die.
Phil. I will not, I will die firſt *Cardinall*,
Prithe good *Cardinal* pluck off, *Friers*, ſlave,
Murder us two, he ſhall not by this ſword.
Car. My Lord, you will endanger both our lives.
Phil. I care not; I'le kill ſome before I die:
Away, s'heart, take your raggs *Moor* Devill come,
2. *Friers.* My Lord put on or elſe.

Phil.

Phil Gods foot come help:
Card. Ambitious villain. *Philip*, let us fly
Into the chamber of the *Mother Queen.*
Phil. Thunder, beat down the lodgings.
Card. Else let's break into the chamber
of the King:
Phillip. Agreed,
A pox upon those lowzy gaberdines,
Agreed, I am for you *Moor*; stand side by side,
Come, hands off, leave your ducking, hell
cannot fright,
Their spirits that do desparately fight.
Cole You are to rash, you are to hot,
Wild desperateness do valour blot;
The lodging of the Kings beset,
With staring faces black as Jett.
And hearts of Iron, your deaths are vow'd
If you fly that way, therefore shrow'd,
Your body in *Frier Cole* gray weed,
For is't not madnesse man to bleed:
When you may scape untouch'd away,
Here's hell, here's heaven, here if you stay
You're gon, you're gon, *Frier Crab* and I,
Will hee dance friskin whilst you flie:
Gag us, bind us, come put on
The Gags to wide, so gon, gon, gon.
Phil. Oh! well, I'le come again, Lord
Cardinall
Take you your Castle, I'le to *Portugall*:

Inow.

I vow I'le come again, and if I do:

Card. Nay good my Lord!

Phil. Black Devill I'le conjure you.

Exeunt

Act. II. Scena. V.

To the Friers making a noise, gagg'd and bound, Enter Eleazar, Zarack, Baltazar, *and other Moors, all with their Swords drawn.*

Eleazar. GUard all the passages, *Zarack* stand there,
There *Baltazar*, there you, the *Friers*,
Where have you plac'd the *Friers*?

Alvero. My Lord a noise.

Baltaz. The *Friers* are gagg'd and bound.

Eleaz. 'Tis *Phil.* and the *Cardinal*, shoots; hah stay!
Unbind them; where's *Mendoza*, and the *Prince*.

Cole. Sancta Maria who can tell:
By *Peters* keys they bound us well,
And having crack'd our shaven crowns,
They have escap'd you in our gowns.

Eleaz. Escap'd; escap'd away? I am glad, it's good,

T' would their arms may turn to Eagles wings,
To flye us swift as time sweet air give way,
Winds leave your two and thirty pallaces,
And meeting all in one, join all your might,
To give them speedy and a prosperous flight,
Escap'd *Friers*, which way?

Both. This way.

Eleaz. Good: Alas; what sin is't to shed innocent blood;
For look you holy men, it is the King;
The King, the King, see *Friers* sulphury wrath
Having once entred into Royall brests:
Mark how it burns, the Qu. *Philip's* mother;
Oh! most unnaturall, will have you two
Divulge abroad that hee's a bastard. Oh!
Will you doo't.

Crab. What says my brother *Frier?*

Cole. A Princes love is balm, their wrath a fire:

Crab. 'Tis true, but yet I'le publish no such thing;
What fool would lose his soul, to please a King?

Eleaz. Keep there, good there, yet for it wounds my soul,
To see the miserablest wretch to bleed.
I counsell you (in care unto your lives)

T'obey

T'obey the mother *Queen*, for by my life
I thinke ſhee has been prick'd, her conſcience
Oh! it has ſtung her, for ſome fact miſdon,
She would not elſe diſgrace her ſelfe and ſon
Doo't therefore, harke, ſhee'l work your deaths elſe, hate
Bred in a woman is inſatiate.
Doo't *Eriers.*
Grab. Brother *Cole*? Zeal ſets me in a flame,
I'le doo't.
Cole. And I,
His baſneſſe wee'l proclaim
Exeunt Friers.
Eleaz. Do, and be damn'd; *Zarack* and *Baltaz.*
Dog them at hee'ls. and when their poiſon-breath
Hath ſcattered this infection, on the hearts
Of credulous Spaniards, here reward them thus,
Slave too much truſted do grow dangerous,
Why this ſhall feed,
And fat ſuſpition and my pollicy,
I'le ring through all the Court, this loud alarum; That

That they contriv'd the murder of the King,
The *Qu.* and me; and being undermin'd,
To scape the blowing up, they fled. Oh good!
There, there, thou there, cry treason; each one take
A severall door, your cries my musick make.

Balt. Where's the King? treason persues him:
Ele. Where's the sleepy *Qu.*
Enter Alvero in his shirt, his sword drawn.

Rise, rise, and arm, against the hand of treason.

Alv. Whence comes this sound of trason?

King. Who frights our quiet slumbers,
With this heavy noise:
Enter King in his shirt, his sword drawn.

Qu. Mo. Was it a dream?
or did the sound
Of monster treason call me from my rest.
Enter Queen in her night attire.

King. Who rais'd this rumour *Eleaz.* you?

Eleaz. I did my Liege, and still continue it,
Both for your safety, and mine own discharge.

King. Whence coms the ground then?

Eleaz. from the *Cardinall*,
And the young Prince, who bearing in his mind
The true idea of his late disgrace,

In

In putting him from the Protectorship,
And envying the advancment of the *Moor*,
Determined this night to murder you;
And for your Highnesse lodg'd within my Castle,
They would have laid the murder on my head.

King. The *Cardinall*, and my Brother, bring them forth
Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

Eleaz. Alas my Lord it is impossible,
For when they saw I had discovered them,
They train'd two harmlesse *Friers* to their lodgings;
Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound 'em to two posts,
And in their habits did escape the Castle.

King. That *Cardinall*, is all ambition,
And from him doth our Brother gather heart.

Que. Mo. Th' ambition of th' one infects the other,
And in a word they both are dangerous;
But might your mothers counsell stand in force,
I would advise you send the trusty *Moor*
To fetch them back, before they had seduc'd

The

The squint ey'd multitude from true allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.
King. It shall be so, therefore my States best prop,
Within whose bosome I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors, and till your return
Our self will keep your Castle.
Eleaz. My Leige; the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his Soveraigns impose,
By heaven; I will not kiss the cheek of sleep,
Till I have fetch'd those traitors to the Court.
King. Why; this sorts right, he gon; his beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love.
Qu. Mo. Why, this is as it should bee, he once gon,
His wife that keeps me from his marriage bed,
Shall by this hand of mine be muthered.
King. This storm is well nigh past the swelling clouds,
That hang so full of treason by the wind,
In awfull Majestie are scatt'red.

Then

Then each man to his reſt; good night ſweet friend,
Whil'ſt thou perſu'ſt the traitors that are fled,
Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed. *Exit.*

Ele. Many good nights, conſume and and dam your ſouls.
I know he means to Cuckcold mee this night;
Yet do I know no means to hinder it.
Beſides, who know whether the luſtful King,
Having my wife and Caſtle at command,
Will ever make ſurrender back again;
But if he do not, with my falcſhions point
I'le lance thoſe ſwelling veins in which hot luſt
Does keep the Revels, and with that warm blood
Where *Venus*'s baſtard cold his ſweltring ſpleen,
Waſh the diſgrace from *Eleazars* brows.

Act. II. Scena. VI.

Enter Maria.

Maria. DEar *Eleazar*;

Ele. If they lock the gates
I'le tosse a ball of wild-fire o're the walls.

Maria. Husband, sweet husband:

Eleaz. Or else swim o're the moat,
And make a breach through the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls:

Maria. Hear me, dear heart.

Eleaz. Or undermine the chamber where they lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder,
Blow up the Castle, and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extreams;
Do drown themselvs in their own stratagems.

Maria. Sweet husband! dwell not upon circumstance,
When weeping sorrow like an Advocate
Importunes you for aid; look in mine eyes
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears,

Invocating ſuccor. Oh ſuccor!

Eleaz. Succor. Zounds for what?

Maria. To ſhield me from *Fernando's* unchaſt love,
Who with unceſſant praiers importun'd me.

Eleaz. To lie with you I know't.

Maria. Then ſeek ſome means how to prevent it.

Eleaz. 'Tis poſſible; for to the end that his unbridled luſt
Might have more free acceſſe unto thy bed,
This night he hath enjoined me
To fetch back *Philip* and the *Cardinall.*

Maria. Then this enſuing night ſhall give an end
To all my ſorrows, for before foul luſt
Shall ſoil the fair complexion of mine honour,
This hand ſhall rob *Maria* of her life.

Eleaz. Not ſo dear ſoul, for in extremities
Chooſe out the leaſt, and ere the hand of death
Should ſuck this Ivorie pallace of thy life:
Embrace my counſell, and receive this poiſon
Which in the inſtant he attempts thy love,
Then give it him: do, do,
Do poiſon him, he gon, thou 'rt next;

Be ſound in reſolution; and farewell;
By one, and one, I'le ſhip you all to hell.
Spain I will drown thee with thine own proud blood,
Then make an ark of carcaſſes farewell.
Revenge and I will ſail in blood to hell.

Exit.

Maria. Poiſon the King, Alas my trembling hand
Would let the poiſon fall, and through my cheeks
Fear ſuted in a bloodleſs livery,
Would make the world acquainted with my guilt,
But thanks prevention, I have found a means
Both to preſerve my Royall Soveraignes life,
And keep my ſelf a true and Loyall wife.

Exit.

The end of the ſecond Act.

Act. III. Scena I.

Enter Queen Mother, with a Torch, solus.

Qu. Mo. FAir eldest child of love, thou spotlesse night,
Empresse of silence, and the Queen of sleep;
Who with thy black cheeks pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers eyes enamour'd of thy beauty:
Thou art like my *Moor*, therefore will I adore thee,
For lending me this opportunity,
Oh with the soft skin'd Negro heavens keep back
The saucy staring day from the worlds eye,
Untill my *Eleazar* make return;
Then in his Castle shall he find his wife,
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son;
Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill?
Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love?
The King is sporting with his Concubine.
Blush not my boy, be bold like me thy mother,

But their delights torture my soul like Devills,
Except her shame be seen: Wherefore awake
Christophero, *Verdugo*, raise the Court,
Arise you *Peers* of *Spain*, *Alvaro* rise,
Preserve your country from base infamies.

Enter severally at severall doors, with lights and Rapiers drawn, Alvero, Roderigo, and Christophero, with others.

All. Who rais'd these exclamations through the Court?
Qu. Mo. Sheath up your Swords, you need not swords, but eyes
To intercept this treason.
Alv. What's the treason?
Who are traitors? ring the larum bell;
Cry arm through all the City; once bef
The horrid sound of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.
Qu. Mo. Stay, you need not cry arm
Arm, for this black deed
Works treason to your King, to me; to you,
To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
This night *Maria* (*Eleazars* wife)
Hath drawn the King by her Lascivious looks

Privately to a banquet, I unseen
Stood and beheld him in him in her lustfull arms.
Oh God! shall bastards wear Spains Diadem?
If you can kneel to baseneſſe, vex them not;
If you disdain to kneel, wash of this blot.

Roder. Lets break into the chamber and surprize her?

Alve. Oh miserable me! do, do, break in,
My Country shall not blush at my childs sin.

Queen Mo. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me,
Come you and witneſſe to her villany.

Alvero. Hapleſſe *Alvero*, how art thou undone,
In a light daughter, and a stubborn son.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. III. Scena II.

Enter King with his Rapier drawn in one hand, leading Maria seeming affrighted in th' other.

Maria. OH! kill me ere you stain my chastity.

King. My hand holds death, but love sits in mine eye,
Exclaim not dear *Maria*, do but hear me;
Though thus in dead of night as I do now
The lustfull *Tarquin* stole to the chast bed
Of *Collatines* fair wife, yet shalt thou be
No *Lucrece*, nor thy King a Romane slave,
To make rude villanie thine honours grave.

Maria. Why from my bed have you thus frighted me?

King. To let the view a bloody horrid Tragedy.

Maria. Begin it then, I'le gladly loose my life,
Rather then be an Emperours Concubine.

King. By my high birth I swear thou shalt be none,
The Tragedy I'le write with my own hand,
A King shall act it, and a King shall dye;

Except sweet mercies beam shine from thine eye.
If this affright thee it shall sleep for ever,
If still thou hate me, thus this Noble blade,
This Royall purple temple shall invade.
Maria. My husband is from hence, for his sake spare me.
King. Thy husband is no Spaniard, thou art one,
So is *Fernando*, then for countries sake
Let mee not spare thee, on thy husbands face
Eternall night in gloomy shades doth dwel;
But I'le look on thee like the guilded Sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.
Maria. True, true, you look on me with Sun-set eyes,
For by beholding you my glory dies.
King. Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,
In pride *Maria* shall through Spain be born.
This musick I prepar'd thine eare, | *musick plays within.*
Lose mee and thou shalt hear no other sounds,
Lo here's a banquet set with mine own hands; | *A banquet brought in.*
Love me, and thus I'le feast thee like a Queen:

I might command thee being thy Soveraign;
But love me and I'le kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the Crown
Of Castile, Portugall, and Arragon,
And all those petty Kingdoms which do bow
Their tributarie knees to *Philip's* heir.

Maria. I cannot love you whilst my husband lives:

King. I'le send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some maine army shall he nobly dye.

Maria. I cannot love you if you murder him.

King. For thy sake then, I'le call a Parlament
And banish by a law all *Moors* from Spain.

Maria. I'le wander with him into banishment.

King. It shall be death for any *Negroes* hand,
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavells with a King?
Night blinds all Jealous eyes, and we may play,
Carowse that bole to me, I'le pledg all this,

Being down, we'l make it more ſweet with
a kiſs.
Begin, I'le lock all doors, begin Spains
Queen, *Locks the*
Loves banquet is moſt ſweet, *doors.*
when 'tis leaſt ſeen.
Maria. Oh thou conſerver of my honours
life!
Inſtead of poiſoning him, drown him in
ſleep,
Becauſe I'le quench the flames of wild de-
ſire,
I'le drink this off, let fire conquer loves fire.
King. Were love himſelfe in reall ſub-
ſtance here,
Thus would I drink him down, let your
ſweet ſtrings,
Speak lowder (pleaſure is but a ſlave to
Kings)
In which love ſwims. *Maria* kiſs thy King,
Circle me in this ring of Ivory.
Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of ſleep
Hath thruſt his Icie fingers in my breſt,
And made a froſt within me; ſweet, one kiſs
To thaw this deadneſſe that congeales my
ſoul.
Maria. Your Majeſtie hath overwatch'd
your ſelf,
He ſleeps already, not the ſleep of death;

But

But a sweet slumber, which the powerfull drugg
Instill'd through all his spirits. Oh! bright day
Bring home my dear Lord, ere his King awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'l shipwrack make.

Offers to go.

Enter Oberon, and Fairyes dancing before him, and musick with them.

Maria. Oh me! what shapes are these?
Oberon. Stay, stay, *Maria.*
Maria. My Soveraign Lord awake, save poor *Maria.*
Oberon. He cannot save thee, save that pain,
Before he wake thou shalt be slain;
His mothers hand shall stop thy breath,
Thinking her own son is done to death:
And she that takes away thy life,
Does it to be thy husbands wife.
Adieu *Maria*, we must hence,
Imbrace thine end with patience;
Elves and *Fairyes* make no stand,

Till

Till you come in Fairy Land. | *Exeunt dancing and singing.*

Maria. Fairyes or Divels, whatsoe're you be,
Thus will I hide me from your company. | *Offers to be gone.*

Act. III. Scena. III.

To her, Enter Queen Mother suddainly, with Alvaro, and Roderigo, with Rapiers.

Q. *Mo.* LAy hold upon the strumpet, where's the King?
Fernando, son; ah me your King is dead!
Lay hand upon the murdresse.

Maria. Imperious Queen, I am as free from murder as thy self,
Which I will prove, if you will here me speak:
The King is living.

Roder. If he liv'd his breath would beat within his breast.

Q. *Mo.* The life he leads, *Maria* thou shalt soon participate.

Maria. Oh father save me!

Alvero. thou 'rt no child of mine, had'st thou been owner of *Alvero's* spirit,

Thy,

Thy heart would not have enterain'd a thought
That had converst with murder: yet mine eyes
(Howe're my tongue want words) brim full with tears,
Intreat her further tryall.

Verdugo. To what end: here lies her tryall: from this royall brest
Hath she stolne all comfort, all the life
Of every bosom in the Realm of Spain.

Roder. She's both a traytor and murdress.

Q. *Mo.* I'le have her forthwith strangled.

Alv. Hear her speak.

Q. *Mo.* To heaven let her complain if she have wrong,
I murder but the murdresse of my son.

Alv. We murder the murdresse of our King.

Alv. Ah me my child oh! Oh cease your torturing!

Maria. Heaven ope the windows, that my spotlesse soul,
Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter Paradice, Fairyes farewell;
Fernandoes death in mine you did foretell.
She dyes, King wake,

King. Who calls Fernando? love, *Maria*, speak:

Oh

Oh! whither art thou fled? whence flow
these waters
That fall like winter storms, from the
drown'd eyes.
Alv. From my Maria's death!
King. My Maria dead?
Damn'd be the soul to hell that stop'd her
breath;
Maria, Oh me who durst murder her?
Q. M. I thought my dear Fernando had
been dead,
And in my indignation murdred her.
King. I was not dead untill you murdred
me
By killing fair Maria.
Qu. Mo. Gentle son.
King Ungentle mother, you a deed have
done,
Of so much ruth that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of; Oh my dear love,
Yet heavens can witnesse thou wert never
mine:
Spains wonder was Maria.
Qu. Mo. Sweet have done:
King. Have done! for what, for shedding
zealous tears
Over the tomb of virtues chastitie;
You cry have done, now I am doing good,

But

But cri'd do on, when you were shedding blood:
Have you done mother; yes, yes, you have done,
That which will undo your unhappy son.
Roder. These words become you not my gracious Lord.
King. These words become not me, no more it did
Become you Lords to be mute standers by,
When lustfull fury ravish'd chastity.
It ill becoms mee to lament her death,
But it became you well to stop her breath:
Had she been fair and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been halfe so impious.
Alv. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair, oh me!
King. Oh me! she was true honours heir.
Hence beldame from my presence, all flye hence,
You are all murderers, com poor innocence,
Clasp thy cold hand in mine, for here I'le lye,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'l die.

Act. III. Scena. IV.

Enter Eleazar with a Torch and Rapier drawn.

Eleazar. BAr up my Castle Gates; fire and confusion
Shall girt these Spanish Currs; was I for this,
Sent to raise power against a fugitive:
To have my wife deflowr'd. Zounds where's my wife,
My slaves cry out, she's dallying with the King?
Stand by, where is your King? *Eleazars* bed shall
Scorn to be an Emperours brothelrie.
Qu. Mo. Be patient *Eleazar*, here's the King,
Eleaz. Patience and I am foes, where's my *Maria*?
Alu. Here is her hapless coarse that was *Maria.*
King. Here lies *Maria's* body, here her grave,
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shal have.

Eleaz.

Eleazar. Now by the proud complexion of my cheeke,
Tan'e from the kisses of the amorous sun;
Were he ten thousand Kings that slew my love,
Thus shou'd my hand (plum'd with revenges wings)
Requite mine own dishonour; and her death. *Stabs the King.*

Qu. Mo. Ah me! my son.

All. The King is murdred, lay hold on the damn'd traitor.

Eleaz. In his breast that dares but dart a finger at the *Moor*,
I'le bury this Sharp steel yet reeking warm,
With the unchast blood of that lecher King,
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

Alv. She was my daughter, and her timeless grave
Did swallow down my joies as deep as yours:
But thus.

Eleaz. But what? bear injuries that can,
I'le wear no forked crest.

Roder. Damn this black feind, crie treason through the Court.
The King is murdred.

Eleaz. He that first opes his lips, I'le drive his words

Down

Down his wide throat upon my rapiers point.
The King is murdred and I'le anſwer it;
I am diſhonour'd, and I will revenge it.
Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breſt:
Thinke where you are, this Caſtle is the *Moors*,
You are inviron'd with a wall of flint.
The Gates are lock'd, Purculleſſes let down
If *Eleaz.* ſpend one drop of blood, *Zarack and Baltazar above with Calivers.*
On thoſe high turret tops my ſlaves ſtand arm'd,
And ſhall confound your ſouls with murdring ſhot.
Or if you murder me, yet under ground
A villain that for me will dig to hell,
Stands with a burning limſtock in his fiſt,
Who firing gunpowder up in the air,
Shall fling your torn and mangled carcaſſes.
Qu. Mo. Oh! ſheath your weapons, though my ſon be ſlain,
Yet ſave your ſelvs, chooſe a new Soveraign.
All. Prince Philip is our Soveraign, chooſe him King.
Eleaz. Prince Philip ſhall not be my Soveraign,
Philip's a baſtard, and *Fernando*'s dead;

Men-

Mendoza sweats to wear Spains Diadem,
Philip hath sworn confusion to this Realm,
They both are up in arms, warrs flames do shine
Like lightningin theair,wherefore my Lords
Look well on *Eleazar*; value me not by my sun-burnt
Cheek, but by my birth; nor by
My birth, but by my losse of blood,
Which I have sacrificed in Spains defence.
Then look on *Philip*,and the *Cardinall*:
Look on those gaping currs, whose wide throats
Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death,
To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
Philip cries fire and blood, the *Cardinall*
Cries likewise fire and blood, I'le quench those flames;
The *Moor* cries blood and fire, and that shall burn
Till Castile like proud Troy to Cinders turn.

Roder. Lay by these Ambages,what seeks the *Moor*?

Eleaz. A Kingdom, Castiles crown.

Alve. Peace divell for shame.

Qu. Mo. Peace doting Lord for shame,
Oh miserie!
When Indian slaves thirst after Empery;
Princes and Peers of Spain wee are beset,
With horror on each side; you deny him,
Death stands at all our backs, we cannot flye him.
Crown *Philip* King, The Crown upon his head,
Will prove a fiery Meteor, Warr and vengeance
And desolation will invade our land,
Besides Prince *Philip* is a bastard born.
Oh! give mee leave to blush at mine own shame;
But I for love to you, love to fair Spain,
Choose rather to rip up a Queens disgrace,
Then by concealing it to set the Crown
Upon a bastards head. Wherefore my Lords
By my consent crown that proud Blackamore,
Since Spains bright glory must so soon grow dim;
Since it must end, let it end all in him.
All. *Eleazar* shall be King.
Alv. Oh treachery! have you so soon rac't out *Fernando's* love;
So soon forgot the duty of true Peers;
So soon, so soon buried a mothers name,

That

That you will crown him King that slew your King.

Eleaz. Will you hear him or me, who shall be King.

All. Eleazar shall be Castiles Sovereign.

Alv. Do, do; make hast to crown him! Lords adieu.

Here hell must be when the Divel governs you. *Exit.*

Eleaz. By heavens great Star, which Indians do adore,

But that I hate to hear the giddy world;

Shame that I waded to a Crown through; blood,

I'de not digest his pills, but since my Lords

You have chosen *Eleazar* for your King?

Invest me with a generall applause.

All. Live *Eleazar*, Castiles Royall King.

Roder. A villain and a base born fugitive. *Aside.*

Christo. A bloody tyrant, an usurping slave. *Aside.*

Eleaz. Thanks to you all, 'tis not the Spanish Crown

That *Eleazar* strives for, but Spains peace.

Amongst you I'le divide her Empery;

Christofero shall wear *Granado's* Crown;

To

To *Roderigo* I'le give Arragon:
Naples, Navar and fair *Jeruſalem*,
I'le give to other three, and then our vice
Roys,
Shall Shine about our bright Caſtilian
crown,
As ſtars about the Sun. Cry all, arm, arm;
Prince Philip and the *Cardinall* do ride
Like Jove in thunder, in a ſtorme we'l meet
them;
Go levy powers, if any man muſt fall,
My death ſhall firſt begin the funerall.

Exeunt

Act. III. *Scena.* V.

Enter Zarack and Baltazar with Calivers.

Baltaz. IS thy cock ready, and thy pow-
der dry.

Zarack. My cock ſtands pearching, like a
cock o'the game;
With a red cole for his creſt inſtead of a
colme;
And for my powder, 'tis but touch & take
Baltaz. I have tickling geer too, and
I'le cry here I have it,

[An

And yonder I see it; But *Zarack* is't policie for us
To kill these bald-pates.
Zarack. Is't pollicy for us to save our selves,
If they live, we die. Is't not wisdom then
To send them to heaven, rather then be sent our selves;
Come you black slave, be resolute. This way they come,
Here they will stand, and yonder wil I stand.
Baltaz. And in yonder hole I.
Zarack. Our amiable faces cannot be seen, if we keep close:
Therefore hide your cocks head, lest his burning cocks-comb betray us.
But soft, which of the two shall be thy white.
Baltaz. That black villain *Frier Cole.*
Zarack. I shall have a sharp piece of service.
Frier Crab shall be my man.
Farewell and be resolute.
Baltaz. Zounds *Zarack* I shall never have the heart to doo't.
Zarack. You rogue think who commands, *Eleazar.*
Who shall rise *Baltazar?*
Who shall die, a louzy *Frier?*

Who

Who shall live our good Lord and Master?
The Negro King of Spain.

Baltaz. Cole, thou art but a dead man,
And shall turn to ashes. *Exit.*

Zarack. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcasse. *Exit.*

Enter Crab and Cole, two Friers, with a rout of Stinkards following them.

Frier Crab. I brother 'tis best, so now we have drawn them to a head,
We'l begin here i'th market place.
Tut so long as we be commanded by the *Mother Queen.*
We'l say her son is a bastard, and he were ten *Philips.*

F. Cole. Take you one market form, I'l take another.

F. Crab. No, Gods so; we must both keep one form.

F. Cole. I in oration, but not in station mount, mount?

1 Well my masters, you know him not so well as I; on my word
Frier Crab is a sowr fellow:

2 Yet he may utter sweet doctrine by your leave; but what
Think you of *Frier Cole*?

He all fire, and he be kindled once a hot Catholick.

And you mark him, he has a zealous nose,
And richly inflam'd.

Peace you Rogues, now they begin.

Crab. *Incipe Frater?*

Cole. *Non ego Domine.*

Crab. *Nec ego.*

Cole. *Quare?*

Crab. *Quia?*

Cole. *Quaso,*

All. Here's a queazy beginning me thinks; silence, silence.

Crab. Brethren, Citizens, and market-folks of *Sivell.*

Cole. Well beloved and honoured Castilians.

Crab. It is not unknown to you!

Cole. I am sure you are not ignorant.

Crab. How villanous and strong?

Cole. How monstruous and huge?

Crab. The faction of Prince *Philip* is:

Cole. *Philip* that is a bastard:

Crab. *Philip* that is a dastard.

Cole. *Philip* that kill'd your King.

Crab. Onely to make himself King.

Cole. And by Gads blessed Lady you are all damn'd, and you suffer it.

1 *Frier Cole* ſays true, he ſpeaks out of the heat of his zeal;
Look how he glows.

2 Well *Frier Crab* for my money, he has ſet my teeth an edge
Againſt this baſtard.

1 Oh! his words are like Vergis, to whet a mans ſtomach.

All Silence, ſilence.

Crab. Now contrariwiſe.

Cole. Your Noble King the *Moor.*

Crab. Is a valiant Gentleman.

Cole. A Noble Gentleman.

Crab. An honourable Gentleman.

Cole. A fair black Gentleman.

Crab. A friend to Caſtilians.

Cole. A Champion for Caſtilians.

Crab. A man fit to be King.

Cole. If he were not born down by him that would be King,
Who (as I ſaid before) is a baſtard, and no King.

1 What think you my maſters? do you mark his words well.

Crab. Further compare them together.

All. S'blood, there's no compariſon between them.

Cole. Nay, but hear us good Countrymen.

A

All. Hear *Frier Cole*, hear *Frier Cole*.

Cole. Set that bastard and *Eleazar* together:

1 How? mean you, by the ears.

Crab. No, but compare them.

Cole. Do but compare them.

2 Zounds, we say again comparisons are odious.

1 But say on, say on. *Pieces go of, Friers dye.*

All. Treason, treason, every man shift for himself.

This is *Philips* treason. Arm, Arm, Arm.

Exeunt.

Act. III. Scena. VI.

Enter Eleazar, Zarack, and Baltazar.

Eleazar. *Zarack* and *Baltazar*, are they dispatch'd?

Zarack. We saw'em sprawl, and turn up the white of the eye.

Elea. So shall they perish, that lay countermines;
To crosse our high designments: by their habits,
The *Cardinall* and *Philip* scap'd our nets.
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

Enter Queen Mother.

Here coms the *Queen*, away! under our wings,
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest Kings. *Exeunt.*

Qu. Mo. Oh! flie my *Eleazar*, save thy life.
Else point a guard about thee, the mad people
Tempestuous like the Sea run up and down
Some crying kill the bastard, some the *Moor*;

Some

Some cry, God save King *Philip*; and some cry,
God save the *Moor*; some others, he shall die.
Eleaz. Are these your fears, thus blow them into air.
I rusht amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance Majestical,
Like the Imperious Sun dispersst their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magick of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many headed *Cerberus*,
This py'd Camelion, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats;
Yet melt like snow when Majestie shines forth
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our Court gates like a heap of dung,
Reeking and shouting out contagious breath
of power to poison all the elements;
This Wolf I held by'th ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moors great name.
No, we must combate with a grimmer foe,
That damn'd *Mendoza* over-turns our hopes.
He loves you dearly.
Qu. Mo. By his secret Letters he hath in-

treated me in ſome diſguiſe to leave the Court, and fly into his arms.

Eleaz. The world cannot devize a ſtratagem
Sooner to throw confuſion on his pride:
Subſcribe to his deſires, and in dead night
Steal to his Caſtle, ſwear to him his love
Hath drawn you thither; undermine his ſoul,
And learn what villanies are there laid up,
Then for your pleaſure walk to take the air:
Near to the Caſtle I'le in ambuſh lie,
And ſeem by force to take you priſoner;
This done, I have a practice plotted here,
Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear:
About it madam, this is all in all;
We cannot ſtand unleſſe *Mendoza* fall.

Act. IV. Scena. I.

Enter Emanuel King of Portugal, Prince Philip, Mendoza, Alvaro, with Drums and Souldiers marching.

King Port. POor Spain, how is the body of thy peace
Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor!
How is thy Prince and Counsellors abus'd,
And trodden under the base foot of scorn:
Wrong'd Lords, *Emanuel* of Portugal partakes
A falling share in all your miseries:
And though the tardy-hand of slow delay
With-held us from preventing your mishaps;
Yet shall revenge dart black confusion
Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

Phil. But is it possible our Mother Queen
Should countenance his ambition.

Alv. Her advice is as a Steers-man to direct his course.
Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,
She means to marry him.

Phil. Then here upon my knees
I pluck allegiance from her; all that love

Which by innative duty I did owe her,
Shall henceforth be converted into hate.
This will confirm the worlds opinion
That I am baſe born, and the damned Moor
Had intereſt in my birth, this wrong alone
Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage:
I may be well transformed from what I am,
When a black divel is husband to my dam.

K. Port. Prince, let thy rage give way to patience,
And let a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger, our keen ſwords,
Muſt right theſe wrongs, and not light airy words.

Phil. Yet words may make the edge of rage more ſharp,
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

Alv. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen reſolves
Are ſteel'd unto the back with double wrongs;
Wrongs that would make a handleſſe man take arms;
Wrongs that would make a coward reſolute.

Card. Why then join all our ſeverall wrongs in one,
And from theſe wrongs aſſume a firm reſolv,
To ſend this divell to damnation.

Drums afar off.

Phil.

Phil. I hear the sound of his approaching march,
Stand fair; Saint *Jaques* for the right of Spain.

To them, Enter the Moor, Roderigo, Christofero, with drums, colours, and souldiers, marching bravely.

Eleaz. Bastard of Spain?
Phil. Thou true stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

Alarum, and a Battall, the Moor prevails: All Exeunt.

Act. IV. Scena. II.

Enter Philip and Cardinall.

Phil. MOve forward, with your main battalion,
Or elſe all is loſt.
Card. I will not move a foot.
P. S'heart, wil you loſe the day.
Card. You loſe your witts,
You're mad, it is no pollicy.
Phil. You lye.
Card. Lye?
Phil. Lye, a pox upon't *Cardinall* com on,
Second the deſperate vanguard which is mine,
And where I'le dye or win, follow my ſword
The bloody way I lead it, or by heaven
I'le play the Devill, and mar all, we'l turn our backs
Upon thee *Moors*, and ſet on thee; I thee,
Thee *Cardinall*, s'heart thee.
Card. Your deſperate arm
Hath almoſt thruſt quite through the heart of hope;

Our

Our fortunes lye a bleeding by your rash and violent
Onset.

Phil. Oh! oh! s'life, s'foot, will you fight?

Card. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

Phil. You will not?

Card. No.

Phil. Coward.

Card. By deeds I'le try,
Whether your venemous tongue says true, fare well.
Courage shines both in this, and policy.
Exit.

Phil. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy;
You whorson fat-chopt guts. I'le melt away
That larded body by the heat of fight,
Which I'le compel thee to, or else by flying;
To work which I'le give way to the proud foe,
Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.
Cardinall I'le do't, I'le do't, a *Moor*, a *Moor*.
Philip cries a *Moor*, holla! ha! whoo!

Enter

Enter King of Port.

King of Port. *Prince, Philip, Philip,*
Phil. Here, plague where's the *Moor.*
K. Port. The *Moor's* a Devill, never did horrid feind
Compel'd by ſom Magicians mighty charm,
Break through the priſons of the ſolid earth,
With more ſtrange horror, then this Prince of hell,
This damned Negro Lyon-like doth ruſh,
Through all, and ſpite of all knit oppoſition.
Phil. Puh! puh! where? Where? I'le meet him, where? you mad me.
'Tis not his arm,
That acts ſuch wonders, but our cowardiſe,
This *Cardinall*, oh! this *Cardinall* is a ſlave.

Enter Captain.

Captain. Sound a retreat, or elſe the day is loſt;
Phi. I'le beat that dog to death, that ſounds retreat.
K. Port. *Philip.*

Phil.

Phil. I'le tear his heart out, that dares name but *Sound.*

K. Port. Sound a retreat.

Phil. Who's that? you tempt my sword Sir.

Continue this alarum, fight pell mell?
Fight, kill, be damn'd? this fat-back Coward Cardinal,
Lies heavie on my shoulders; this, I this
Shall fling him off: Sound a retreat! Zounds, you mad me.
Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair
Offering to tear from him the Diadem
Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,
And to act deeds beyond astonishment;
But *Philip* is the night that darks his glories,
This swords yet reeking with his Negro's blood,
Being grasp't by equity, and this strong arm
Shall through and through.

All. Away then.

Phil. From before mee;
Stay, stand, stand fast, fight? A Moor, a Moor.

Act. IV. Scena. III.

To them enter Eleazar, *Zarack*, *Baltazar*, *Roderigo*, *Christofero*, *and others*, *they fight*, *Moors are all beat in*, Exeunt omnes, manet Eleazar *weary*; *staies*, *a Moor lies slain.*

Eleaz. OH for more work, more souls to post to hell;
That I might pile up *Charons* boat so full,
Untill it topple o're, Oh 'twould be sport
To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
Ha, ha; there's one going thither, sirrah, you,
You slave, who kill'd thee? how he grins! this breast,
Had it been tempered, and made proof like mine,
It never would have been a mark for fools
To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
But thou didst well, thou knew'st I was thy Lord;
And out of love and duty to me here,
Where I fell weary, thou laidst down thy self:

To

To bear me up, thus: God a-mercy slave.
A King for this shall give thee a rich grave.

As he sits down, enter Philip with a broken sword.

Phil. I'le wear thee to the pommel, but I'le finde
The subject of mine honour and revenge.
Moor 'tis for thee I seek; Come now, now take me
At good advantage: speak, wher e art thou?
Eleaz. Here.
Phil. Fate and revenge I thank you rise.
Elea. Leave and live.
Phil. Villain, it is *Philippo* that bids rise.
Eleaz. It had been good for thee to have hid thy name.
For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
Hurts him that finds it, wherefore do's those blood-hounds
Thy rage and valour chase me?
Phil. Why to kill thee.
Eleaz. With that! what a blunt axe? think'st thou I'le let
Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
Having these arms, be wise; go change thy weapon.
Phil. Oh, Sir!

Eleaz.

Eleaz. I'le ſtay thy coming.
Phil. Thou't be damn'd firſt.
Eleaz. By all our Indian gods.
Phil. Puh, never ſwear;
Thou know'ſt 'tis for a kingdome which we fight;
And for that who'l not venture to hell-gates.
Come Moor, I am arm'd with more then compleat ſteel,
The juſtice of my quarrel: when I look
Upon my Fathers wrongs, my brothers wounds,
My mothers infamie, Spains miſerie,
And lay my finger her, Oh! 'tis too dull,
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I ſee your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled ſoul, like leaden weights,
To make it ſink; I know this fingers touch
Has ſtrength to throw thee down, I know this iron
Is ſharp and long enough to reach that head
Fly not divel, if thou do?
Eleaz. How, fly; Oh baſe!
Phil. Come then.
Eleaz. Stay *Philip*, whoſoe're begat thee.

Phil.

Phil. Why ſlave, a King begat me.
Eleaz. May be ſo.
But I'le be ſworn thy mother was a Queen;
For her ſake will I kill thee nobly:
Fling me thy ſword, there's mine, I ſcorn to ſtrike
A man diſarm'd.
Phil. For this diſhonoring me
I'le give thee one ſtab more.
Eleaz. I'le run away,
Unleſſe thou change that weapon, or take mine.
Phil. Neither.
Eleaz. Farewel.
Phil. S'heart, ſtay, and if you dare,
Do as I do, oppoſe thy naked breaſt
Againſt this poniard; ſee, here's this for thine.
Eleaz. I am for thee *Philip.*
Phil. Come, nay take more ground,
That with a full career thou maiſt ſtrike home.
Eleaz. Thou't run away then.
Phil. Hah!
Eleaz. Thou't run away then.
Phil. Faith, I will, but firſt on this I'le bear
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy ſpear.
Eleaz. Come.

Enter

Enter on both sides, Cardinall, and King of Portugal, on the one side, and Moors on the other side.

Card. Side upon the *Moors*.
Moor. Side upon the *Cardinall*.
Phil. Hold *Cardinall*, strike not any of our side,
Eleaz. Hold *Moors*, strike not any of our side,
Phil. wee two will close this battail.
Eleaz. Come, agreed.
Stand armies and give aim, whil'st wee two bleed.
Card. With poniards; 'tis too desperate, dear *Philip*.
Phil. Away, have at the *Moor*, s'heart let me come?
K. Port. Be arm'd with manly weapons, 'tis for slaves,
To dig their own and such unworthy graves.
Eleaz. I am for thee any way, thus, or see thus,
Here try the vigour of thy sinewy arm,
The day is ours already, brainless heads
And bleeding bodyes like a crown do stand,

About

About the temples of our victory.
Yet Spaniards if you dare we'l fight it out,
Thus man to man alone, I'le first begin,
And conquer, or in blood wade up toth' chin.

Phil. Let not a weapon stir, but his and mine.

Eleaz. Nor on this side, conquest in blood shall shine.

Alarum. They fight a Combate, The Moor is struck down, which his side seeing, step all in and rescue him; The rest joine and drive in the Moors. Alarum continuing, Spaniards and Moors with drums and colours flye over the stage, persued by Philip, Cardinall, King Part. And others. Enter Zarack Christofero, and Eleazar at severall doors.

Christo. Where is my Lord?

Zarack. Where is our Soveraign?

Eleaz. What news brings *Zarack* and *Christofero*?

Zarack. Oh flye my Lord! flye; for the day is lost.

Eleaz. There are three hundred and odd days in a year,
And cannot we lose one of them, com fight.

Christo.

Christo. The Lords have left us, and the
souldiers faint,
You are round beset with proud fierce ene-
mies;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight?
Eleaz. He shall *Christofero* I have yet left,
One stratagem that in despite of fate,
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more,
The *Mother Queen* hath all this while sate
sadly,
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom,
White winged peace and victory will flie,
Her have I us'd as a fit property,
To stop this dangerous current; her have I
sent,
Arm'd with loves magick to inchant the
Cardinall;
And bind revenge down with resistlesse
charms.
By this time does she hang about his neck,
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss;
Has she disarm'd him, hark, they sound
Retreat.
She has prevail'd, a womans tongue and eye,
Are weapons stronger then Artillery.
Exeunt.

Act. IV Scena. IV.

Enter Cardinall, Queen Mother, Souldiers, drums, and colours.

Queen Mo. BY all those sighs which thou (like passionate tunes)
Hast often to my dull ears offered,
By all thy hopes to injoy my roial Bed;
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
Weeping in black to tell thy languishment:
By loves best richest treasure, which I swear,
I will bestow, and which none else shal wear,
As the most prised Jewell, but thy selfe,
By that bright fire which flaming through thine eyes;
From thy love scorched bosom does arise.
I do conjure thee, let no churlish sound,
With wars lewd horror my desires confound;
Dear, dear *Mendoza*, thus I do intreat,
That stil thou would'st continue this retreat;
I'le hang upon thee till I hear thee say,
Woman prevail; or chiding, cri'st away.

Card. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the *Moor*?

Qu. M. I would the *Moors* damnation were the ranſom,
Of all that innocent blood, that has been ſhed
In this black day; I care not for the *Moor*,
Love to my kingdom ſpeace makes me put on
This habit of a ſuppliant; ſhall I ſpeed?

Card. You ſhall, were it to have my boſom bleed:
I have no power to ſpare the Negroes head,
When I behold the wounds which his black hand
Has given mine honour: but when I look on you,
I have no power to hate him, ſince your breath
Diſolves my frozen heart, being ſpent for him;
In you my life muſt drown it ſelf or ſwim,
You have prevail'd; Drum ſwiftly hence? cal back
Our fierce purſuing troops, that run to catch
The lawrel wreath of conqueſt: Let it ſtand
A while untouch'd by any ſouldiers hand.

Exit drum.

Away? ſtay you and guard us, where's the *Moor*?
I'le loſe what I have got, a victors prize,
Yielding my ſelf a priſoner to your eyes.

Qu. Mo.

Qu. Mo. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty,
The *Moor* stays my return, I'le put on wings,
And fetch him, to make peace belongs to Kings.

As she goes out, Enter Eleazar, Zarack, Baltazar, and souldiers well arm'd, at sight of each other all draw.

Card. Souldiers call back the drum, wee are betraid.
Eleaz. Moors stand upon your guard, avoid, look back.
Qu. Mo. What means this jealousie? *Mendoza, Moor,*
Lay by your weapons, and imbrace the sight,
Of this, and this; begets suspition,
Eleazar by my birth, he coms in peace,
Mendoza by mine honour so coms he.
Car. Dischange these souldiers then.
Eleaz. And these.

Souldiers stand aloof.

Cardinall. Away.
Eleazar. Go.
Q. M. Soul, rejoice to see this glorious day.

She joins them together, they imbrace.

Cardi.

Car. Your virtues work this wonder: I have met,
At her most dear command, whats your desires?
Eleaz. Peace and your honour'd arms: how loathingly
I sounded the alarums, witnesse heaven
'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out,
The rank blood of ambition: That *Philip*
Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high
As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.
He's base begotten, that's his mothers sin.
Q. Mo. God pardon it.
Eleaz. I, amen, but he's a bastard,
And rather then I'le kneel to him, I'le saw
My leggs off by the thighs, because I'le stand
In spite of reverence: he's a bastard, he's,
And to beat down his usurpation,
I have thrown about this thunder, but *Mendoza*,
The people hate him for his birth,
He only leans on you, you are his pillar;
You gon, he walks on crutches, or else falls;
Then shrink from under him, are not they
Fools, that bearing others up themselvs seem low,
Because they above sit high, why you do so.

Cardi.

Card. 'Tis true.
Qu. Mo Behold this error with fixt eies.
Card. 'Tis true, well.
Eleaz. Oh! have you found it, have you felt
The train of powder that must blow you up,
Up into air, what air? why this, a breath,
Look you, in this time may a King meet death;
An eye to't, check it, check it.
Card. How?
Eleaz. How! thus:
Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
Where ravisht honor, and *Philippo* lies;
Leave him, divide this huge and monstrous body
Of armed Spanyards into limbs thus big;
Part man from man, send every souldier home,
I'le do the like; Peace with an Olive branch
Shall flie with Dove-like wings about all Spain:
The crown which I as a good husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty chair;
Marry you the Queen and fill it, for my part
These knees are yours, Sir.
Card. Is this sound?
Eleaz. From my heart.

Card. If you prove false.
Eleaz. If I do, let fire fall—
Card. Amen.
Eleaz. Upon thy head, and so it shall.
Card. All of my self is yours; souldiers be gone.
Eleaz. And that way you.
Card. The rest I will divide:
The Lords shall be convented.
Eleaz. Good.
Card. Let's meet.
Qu. Mo. Where.
Eleaz. Here anon, this is thy winding sheet. *Exit Cardinal.*
The Moor walks up and down musing.
Qu. Mo. What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth,
Which groans with such strange labour.
Eleaz. Excellent.
Qu. Mo. Why, *Eleazar*, art thou wrapt with joyes,
Or does thy sinking policy make to shore.
Eleaz. Ha!
Qu. Mo. *Eleazar*, mad man! hear'st thou Moor.
Eleaz. Well, so; you turn my brains, you mar the face
Of my attempts i'th making: for this *chaos*
This lump of projects, ere it be lick't over
'T

'Tis like a Bears conception; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charg'd Cannons not discharg'd, they do
no harm,
Nor good, true policy breeding in the brain
Is like a bar of Iron, whose ribs being bro-,
ken,
And softned in the fire, you then may forge
it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet, to de-
fend life:
'Tis therefore wit to try
All fashions, ere you apparel villany;
But, but I ha suited him, fit, fit, Oh fit!,
Qu. Mo. How? prethee how?
Eleaz. Why thus; yet no, let's hence,
My heart is neareſt of my counsel, yet,
I scarce dare trust my heart with't, what I
do,
It shall look old, the hour wherein 'tis born,
Wonders twice seen are garments over-
worn.

Exeunt.

Act. IV. *Scena.* V.

Enter Cardinal at one door, Philippo half arm'd, and two souldiers following him with the rest of the armour: the Cardinal seeing him, turns back again.

Phil. SIrrah, you Cardinal, coward, run-away:
So ho ho, what Cardinal.
Card. I am not for your lure. *Exit.*
Phil. For that then, Oh! that it had nail'd thy heart
Up to the pommel to the earth; come, arm me,
Ha! 's'foot, when all our swords were royally guilt with blood,
When with red sweat that trickled from our wounds,
Wee had dearly earn'd a victory! when hell
Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates
To bid the damn'd Moor and the divels enter;
Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat;
Why souldiers, hah!
1. *Sould.* I am glad of it my Lord.

Phil.

Phil. Hah! glad; art glad I am dishonored?
That thou and he dishonored.

1. *Sould.* Why? my Lord;
I am glad, that you so cleanly did come off.

Phil. Thou hast a lean face, and a carrion heart:
A plague on him and thee too: then, s'heart then,
To crack the very hearts-strings of our Army,
To quarter it in pieces, I could tear my hair;
And in cursing spend my soul,
Cardinal; what *Judas!* come, wee'l fight,
Till there be left but one, if I be hee,
I'le die a glorious death.

1. *Sould.* So will I, I hope in my bed.

2. *Sould.* Till there be but one left, my Lord, why that's now; for all our fellows are crawl'd home; some with one leg, some with ne're an arm, some with their brains beaten out, and glad they scap't so.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'l stick to me.

1. *Sould.* Stick! I my Lord, stick like Bandogs, till wee be pull'd off.

Phil. That's nobly said, I'le lead you but to death,

Where I'le have greateſt ſhare, we ſhall win fame,
For life and that doth crown a ſouldiers name.

1. *Sould.* How! to death my Lord? not I by gadsled: I have a poor wife and children at home, and if I die they beg; and do you think I'le ſee her go up and down the wide univerſal world.

Phil. For every drop of blood which thou ſhalt loſe,
Coward I'le give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2. *Sould.* Hang him meacock, my Lord, arm your ſelf, I'le fight for you, till I have not an eye to ſee the fire in my touch-hole.

Phil. Be thou a King's companion, thou and I
Will dare the Cardinal, and the Moor to fight,
In ſingle combate, ſhall we? hah!

2. *Sould.* Agreed.

Phil. Wee'l beat 'em to hell gate, ſhall we? hah!

2. *Sould.* Hell gate's ſomwhat too hot, ſomewhat too hot; the Porter's a knave: I'de be loath to be damn'd for my conſcience; I'le knock any bodies coſtard, ſo I knock not there, my Lord; hell gates!

Phil.

Phil. A pox upon ſuch ſlaves.

1. *Sould.* Hang him, a peaſant, my Lord; you ſee I am but a ſcrag, my Lord; my legs are not of the biggeſt, nor the leaſt, nor the beſt that e're were ſtood upon, nor the worſt, but they are of God's making; And for your ſake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's lid if I run not after them like a Tiger, hoffe me.

Phil. But wilt thou ſtand to't e're they flye? ha! wilt thou?

1 *Soul.* Will I quoth a? by this hand, and the honour of a ſouldier.

Phil. And by a ſouldiers honour I will load thee
Whith Spaniſh piſtolets: to have this head,
Thy face, and all thy body, ſtuck with ſcars,
Why 'tis a ſight more glorious, then to ſee
A Lady hung with Diamonds: If thou loſe
A hand, I'le ſend this after, if an arm,
I'le lend thee one of mine, com then lets fight.
A mangled Lame true ſouldier is a jem,
Worth *Ceſars* Empire, though fools ſpurn at them.

1 *Soul.* Yet my Lord I ha ſeen lame ſouldiers, not worth the crutches they leant upon, hands and arms qnotha? Zounds not I, I'le double my files, or ſtand centry, or ſo; But I'le be hang'd and quartred, before I'le

have my members cut off.

2 *Sould.* And I too, hold thee there.

Beats 'em both in.

Phil. Hold you both there, away you rogues, you durt,
Thus do I tread upon you, out, begon?
One valiant is an hoſt, fight then alone.

Enter Cardinall, Alvero, Chriſtofero, and Souldiers.

Car. Prince *Philip.*

Phil. For the Crown of Spain, come all.

Car. We come in love and peace.

Phil. But come in warr:
Bring naked ſwords, not lawrell boughs, in peace?
Plague on your rank peace, will you fight and cry
Down with the *Moor*, and then I'm yours; I'le dye,
I have a heart, two arms, a ſoul, a head,
I'le lay that down, I'le venture all; s'foot, all.
Come tread upon me, ſo that *Moor* may fal.

Car. By heaven that *Moor* ſhall fall.

Phil. Thy hand, and thine,

Flings down his weapons.

Give

Give me but halfe your hearts, you have all mine,
By heaven, shall he fall?
Car. Yes, upon thee
Like to the ruines of a tower, to grind
Thy body into dust, traitor, and bastard,
I do arrest thee of High treason.
Phil. Hah!
Traitor? and bastard? and by thee? my weapons?
Car. Lay hands upon him.
Phil. I, you're best do so.
Car. *Alvero* there's the warrant to your hands,
The prisoner is committed, Lords lets part,
Look to him on your life.

Exeunt Cardinall &c.

Manent, *Philip and Alvero.*

Phil. Hart, hart, hart, hart,

Tears the warrant.

The Devill, and his dam, the *Moor*, and my *Mother*,
Their warrant? I will not obey, Old gray beard,
Thou shalt not bee my Jayler, there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,

That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What do'st thou weep?
Alve. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many showrs are gon,
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one,
You must to prison.
Phil. Do'st thou speak to me?
Alve. You must to prison.
Phil. And from thence to death;
I thought I should have had a tomb hung round,
With tottred colours, broken spears, I thought
My body should have fallen down, full of wounds.
But one can kill an Emperor, fool then why
Would'st thou have many? curse, be mad, and dye. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Act. V. Scena I.

Enter Ronerigo, and Christofero; two bare-headed before them, Alvero, Cardinall alone, Zarack, and Baltazar bearing the Crown on a cushion, Eleazar next, Queen Mother after him, other Lords after her, Alvero sad, meets them.

Card. ALvero 'tis the pleasure of the King,
Of the *Queen Mother*, and these honoured States,
To ease you of *Philip*, there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.
Alve. I thank you, you shall rid me of much care.
Eleaz. Sit down, and take your place!
Alve. If I might have the place I like best, it should be my grave. *Sits down.*

The Moors stand aside with the Crown, Eleazar rising, takes it!

Eleaz. Stand in voice, reach, away!

Both

Both Moors. Wee are gon. *Exeunt.*

Eleaz. Princes of Spain if in this royall Court,
There sit a man, that having laid his hold,
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it,
In the contempt of envie as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims,
Bestow their praiers) would give such wealth away;
Let such a man step forth; what do none rise?
No, no, for Kings indeed are deities.
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightnesse shine?
To be the greatest, is to be divine:
Who among millions would not be the mightiest?
To sit in God-like state, to have all eyes,
Dazled with admiration, and all tongues
Showting lowd Praiers, to rob every heart
Of love, to have the strength of every arm.
A Soveraigns name, why 'tis a Soveraign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams,
I have stood upon the top of fortunes wheel,
And backward turn'd the Iron screw of fate,
The destinies have spun a silken thread
about my life, yet Noble Spaniards see?
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside

The

The shape of Majestie and on my knee,
To this Imperiall State lowly resigne,
This usurpation, wiping off your fears,
Kneels: the Cardinall fetches the Crown and sets it on the chair.
Which stuck so hard upon me, let a hand
A right, and royall hand take up this wreath,
And guard it, right is of it self most strong,
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

Car. Proceed to new election of a King.

All. Agreed.

Eleaz. Stay Peers of Spain, if young *Philippo*,
Be *Philips* son, then is he *Philips* heir,
Then must his Royall name be set in gold,
Philip is then the Diamond to that ring;
But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseneſſe has no gall, till it grow great.
First therefore let him blood, if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him, best take heed:
The *Portugall's* his friend, you saw he came
At holding up a finger, arm'd; this peace
Rid hence his dangerous friendship, he's at home,
But when he hears, that *Philip* is ty'd up,
Yet hears not why, he'l catch occasions lock,
And on that narrow bridg make shift to lead

A ſcrambling army through the heart of Spain,
Look to't being in, he'l hardly out again.
Therefore firſt prove, and then proclaim him baſtard.

Alve. How ſhall we prove it?

Eleaz. He that put him out to making,
Iam ſure can tell, if not,
Then ſhe that ſhap'd him can, here's the *Queen Mother*
Being prick'd in conſcience, and preferring Spain,
Before her own reſpect, will name the man,
If he be noble & a Spaniard born, hee'l hide,
The apparent ſcarrs of their infamies
With the white hand of marriage; that and time,
Will eat the blemiſh off, ſay? ſhall it?

All. No.

Card. Spaniard or *Moor*, the ſaucy ſlave ſhall dye.

Hort. Death is too eaſie for ſuch villany.

Eleaz. Spaniard or *Moor*, the ſaucy ſlave ſhall dye.
I would he might, I know my ſelf am clear
As is the new born Infant. Madam ſtand forth,
Behold to ſpeak, ſhame in the grave wants ſence:

Heaven

Heaven with sins greatest forfeits can
dispence.
Q. Mo. Would I were covered with the
vail of night,
You might not see red shame sit on my
cheecke;
But being Spains common safety stands for
truth,
Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush, and say;
Philippo's father sits here.
Roder. Here! name him?
Q. Mo. The Lord *Mendoza* did beget
that son,
Oh! let not this dishonour further run?
Alve, What *Cardinall Mendoza*?
Qu. Mo. Yes, yes, even hee.
Eleaz Spaniard or *Moor*, the saucy slave
shall die.
Car. I *Philips* father?—— *Coms down, the*
Q. M. Nay! deny me not? *rest talk.*
Now may a kingdom and my love be got.
Car. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me,
shame lie here;
That love has sweetest tast that is bought
dear.
Christo. What answers Lord *Mendoza* to
the *Queen*?
Car. I confesse guilty, *Philip* is my son,
Her Majestie hath nam'd the time and place.

Alv.

Alv. To you, but not to us, go forward Madam.

Q. *Mo.* Within the circle of twice ten years since,
Your deceast King made warr in *Barbarie*,
Won *Tunis*, conquered *Fesse*, and hand to hand,
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fesse*, and father
To that *Barbarian* Prince.

Eleaz. I was but young, but now methinks
I see my fathers wounds, poor *Barbaria*!
No more.

Q. *Mo.* In absence of my Lord mourning his want,
To me alone, being in my private walk,
I think at *Salamanca*; I, 'twas there;
Enters *Mendoza* under shew of shrift,
Threatens my death if I deni'd his lust,
In fine by force he won me to his will,
I wept, and cri'd for help, but all in vain;
Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

Eleaz. Spaniard or *Moor*, that saucy slave shall die.

Alve. Why did not you complain of this vile act?

Q. *Mo.* Alas! I was alone, young, full of fear;
Bashful, and doubtfull of my own defame;

Know-

Knowing King *Philip* rash and jealous,
I hid his sins, thinking to hide my shame.
Horten. What says the *Cardinall*?
Car. Such a time there was;
'Tis past, I'le make amends with marriage,
And satisfie with Trentalls, dirges, praiers,
The offended spirit of the wronged King.
Queen and they talk.
Eleaz. Spaniard or *Moor*, that saucy slave shall die;
Oh! 'twould seem best, it should be thus *Mendoza*:
She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude,
Your marriage like a comick interlude.
Lords will you hear this hatefull sin confest?
And not impose upon the ravisher death,
The due punishment, oh! it must be so.
Alve. What does the *Queen* desire?
Qu. Mo. Justice, revenge,
On vile *Mendoza* for my ravishment:
I kiss the cold earth with my humbl'd knees,
From whence I will not rise, till some just hand,
Cast to the ground the Traitor *Cardinall.*
All. Stand forth *Mendoza.*
Eleaz. Swells your heart so high?
Down *Lecher*; if you wil not stand, then lie.
Car. You have bretrai'd me, by my too much trust,

I never did this deed of Rape and Lust.

Roder. Your tongue confest it.

Car. True, I was intic'd.

Eleaz. Intic'd? do you beleeve that?

Qu. Mo. Justice Lords! sentence the *Cardinall* for
His hatefull sin.

Alve. We will assemble all the States of Spain,
And as they Judge, so Justice shall be done.

Eleaz. A guard! to prison with the *Cardinall.*

Car. Dam'd slave my tongue shall go at liberty To curse thee, ban that strumpet; Doggs keep off.

Enter Zarack, Baltazar & others.

Eleaz. Hist, hist, on, on.

Qu. Mo. I cannot brook his sight.

Alv. You must to prison, and bee patient.

Card. Weep'st thou *Alvero*? all struck dumb? my fears,
Are that those drops will change to bloody teares.
This woman, and this Serpent.

Qu. Mo. Drag him hence.

Car. Who dares lay hands upon me, Lords of Spain
Let your swords bail me, this false *Queen* did lye.

Eleaz.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Card. I'le fight with thee, damn'd hell-hound for my life.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Card. I'le prove upon thy head.

Eleaz. The slave shall die.

Card. Lords stop this villains throat.

Eleaz. Shal die, shall die.

Card. Hear me but speak.

Eleaz. Away.

Alve. Words are ill spent,
Where wrong sits Judg, you'r arm'd if innocent.

Card. Well, then I must to prison: Moor, no more:
Heavens thou art just, Prince *Philip* I betraid,
And now my self fall: Guile with guile is paid. *Exit.*

Qu. Mo. Philip being prov'd a bastard; who shall sit
Upon this empty throne?

Eleaz. Strumpet, not you.

Qu. Mo. Strumpet! and I not sit there! who then?

Eleaz. Down;
Back, if she touch it shee'l bewitch the chair;
This throne belongs to *Isabel* the fair,

Bring

Bring forth the Princes dreſt in royal robes,
The true affecter of *Alvero*'s ſon,
Virtuous *Hortenzo*. Lords, behold your Queen.

Act. V. Scena. II.

Enter Iſabella led in, in royal robes. Hortenzo.

Qu. Mo. THou villain! what intendſt thou, ſavage ſlave?
Eleaz. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On luſt, on murther, on adulteries head.
Look Lords upon your Sovereign *Iſabel*,
Though all may doubt the fruits of ſuch a Womb,
Is ſhe not like King *Philip*? let her rule.
Qu. Mo. She rule?
Eleaz. She rule? I ſhee.
Qu. Mo. A child to ſway an empire? I am her Protectreſs;
I'le pour black curſes on thy damned head,
If thou wrongſt me. Lords, Lords!
Eleaz. Princes of Spain,
Be deaf, be blind, hear not, behold her not,
She kill'd my virtuous wife.

Qu. Mo.

Qu. Mo. He kill'd your King,
Eleaz. 'Twas in my just wrath.
Qu. Mo. 'Twas to get his Crown.
Eleaz. His Crown! why here 'tis: thou slewst my *Maria*,
To have accesse to my unstained bed.
Qu. Mo. Oh heaven!
Eleaz. 'Tis true, how often have I stopt
Thy unchast songs from passing through mine ears?
How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cry'd out
Away, those scalding veins burn me 'tis true.
Qu. Mo. Divel, 'tis a lie.
Eleaz. Thou slewst my sweet *Maria*;
Alvero 'twas thy daughter, 'twas: *Hortenzo*,
She was thy sister; justice *Isabella*!
This Serpent poison'd thy dear fathers bed,
Setting large horns on his Imperial head.
Qu. Mo. Hear me.
Eleaz. Hah! why?
Alv. Madam you shall be heard,
Before the Courts, before the Courts of Spain
Eleaz. A guard, a guard.
Enter two Moors, and others.
Qu. Mo. A guard; for what? for whom?
Hort. To wait on you,
So many great sins must not wait with few.

Qu. Mo.

Qu. Mo. Keep me in prison! dare you
Lords?
Alv. Oh no!
Were your cause strong, we would not arm
you so;
But honor fainting needeth many hands,
Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in
bands:
You must to prison. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Mo. Must I? must I, slave!
I'le dam thee, ere thou triumph'st o're my
grave. *Exit with a guard.*

Act. V. Scena. III.

Manet *Eleazar.*

Eleaz. DO, do! my jocund spleen;
It does, it will, it shall, I have a
one throw,
Rifled away the Diademe of Spain;
'Tis gone, and there's no more to set but thi
At all, then at this last cast I'le sweep up
My former petty losses, or lose all.
Like to a desperate Gamester; hah! how
fast? *Enter Zarack.*
Zarack. Except their bodies turn to air
spirits,

An

And fly through windows, they are fast my Lord:
If they can eat through locks and barrs of Iron,
They may escape, if not? then not.
Eleaz. Ho! *Zarack!*
Wit is a thief, there's pick-lock policie,
To whom all doors flye open: therefore go,
In our name charge the Keeper to resign
His office; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath'em at his death, for kill him;
Turn all thy body into eyes,
And watch them, let those eyes like fiery comets
Sparkle out nothing but the death of Kings.
And. ah! now thus thou know'st I did invent,
A torturing Iron chain.
Zarack. Oh! for necks my Lord.
Eleaz. I that, that, that, away and yoak them, stay

Enter Baltazar.

Here's *Balt.* go both, teach them to preach,
Through an Iron Pillory: I'le spread a net,
To catch *Alvero*, oh! he's is old and wise,
They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes,
Hortenzo, *Roderigo*, to't, to't all:
They have supple knees sleack'd brows, but hearts of gall: The

The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood,
Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.
Balt. I com to tel your grace that *Isabella*,
Is with *Hortenzo* arm in arm at hand,
Zarack and I may kill them, now with ease,
Is't done, and then 'tis done.
Zarack. Murther thou the man,
And I'le stab her.
Eleaz. No, I'le speed her my selfe,
Arm in arm, so, so, look upon this Ring,
Who ever brings this token to your hands
Regard not for what purpose, seiz on them,
And chain them to the rest, they com, away,
Murder be proud, and Tragedy laugh on,
I'le seek a stage for thee to jett upon.

Enter Isabella, Hortenzo, seeing the Moor turn back.

Eleaz. My Lord! my Lord *Hortenzo.*
Hortenzo. Hah! is't you,
Trust me I saw you not.
Eleaz. What makes your grace so sad?
Hor. She grievs for the imprisoned *Queen* her Mother,
And for *Philip*, in the sandy heap,
That wait upon an hour, there are not found
So many lit tle bodies as those sighs
And tears, which she hath every Minute spent,
Since her lov'd Brother felt Imprisonment.

Ele.

Eleaz. Pity, great pity, would it lay in mee,
To give him liberty.
Isabel. It does.
Eleaz. In me?
Free him, your Mother *Queen*, and *Cardinall too.*
In me? alas! not me, no, no, in you;
Yet for I'le have my conscience, white and pure,
Here Madam take this Ring, and if my name
Can break down Castle walls, and open Gates,
Take it, and do't, fetch them all forth: and yet,
'Tis unfit you should go.
Hor. That happy office I'le execute
My selfe.
Eleaz. Will you? would I,
Stood gracious in their sight: well, go,
Do what you will *Hortenzo*, if this charm
Unbinds them, here 'tis; Lady, you and I
Aloof will follow him, and when we meet,
Speak for me, for I'le kisse *Philippo's* feet.
Hort. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.
Exit.
Eleaz. Alas! my Lord, why true, go, go.
Isabel. Make haste dear love.
Eleaz. *Hortenzo* is a man

Compos'd of ſweet proportion, ha's a foot,
A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,
The beſt *Hortenzo* in the Spaniſh Court.
Oh! he's the Nonpareil.
Iſabel. Your tongue had wont,
To be more ſparing in *Hortenzo's* praiſe.
Eleaz. I, I may curſe his praiſes, rather ban
Mine own nativity, why did this colour,
Dart in my fleſh ſo far? oh! would my face
Were of *Hortenzo's* faſhion, elſe would yours
Were as black as mine is.
Iſabel. Mine like yours, why?
Eleaz. Hark!
I love you, yes faith, I ſaid this, I love you
I do, leave him.
Iſabel. Damnation vaniſh from me.
Eleaz. Coy? were you as hard as flint
Oh! you ſhou'd yield
Like ſoftned wax, were you as pure as fire,
I'le touch you, yes, I'le taint you, ſee yo this,
I'le bring you to this lure.
Iſabel. If I want hands
To kill my ſelf, before thou do'ſt it; do.
Eleaz. I'le cut away your hands: wel my deſire
Is raging as the Sea, and mad as fire,
Will you?

Iſab

Isabel. Torment me not good Devill.
Eleazar. Will you?
Isabel. I'le tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy lust;
Eleaz. Do.
Isabel. Touch me not, these knives.
Eleaz. I, I, kill your selfe,
Because I jest with you: I wrong *Hortenzo*?
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick to try,
That which few women have, true constancy.
Isabel. If then my speeches tast of gall.
Eleaz. Nay faith,
You are not bitter, no, you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me, you are not bitter;
Why do you think that I'de nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour? If that thought had brains,
I'de beat them out, but come, by this, *Hortenzo*
Is fast.
Isabel. Hah! fast?
Eleaz. I fast in *Philip's* arms.
Wrestling together for the price of love;
By this, they're on the way, I'le be your guard,

Come follow me, I'le lead you in the van,
Where thou shalt see four chins upon one chain.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scena IV.

Enter Hortenzo, Queen Mother, Cardinall, and Philip chaind by the necks, Zarack, and Baltazar busie about fastning Hortenzo.

Hort. YOu damned Ministers of villany,
Sworn to damnation by the book of hell;
You maps of night, you element of Devills,
Why do you yoak my neck with Iron chains?

Baltaz. Many do borrow chains, but you have this
Gratis, for nothing.

Card. Slaves unbind us.

Both. No———

Exeunt two Moors

Phil. I am impatient, veins why crack you not?
And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,

To

To make red clouds like Ensignes in the sky
Displaying a damn'd tyrants cruelty;
Yet can I laugh in my extreamest pangs,
Of blood, and spirit, to see the *Cardinall*,
Keep ranck with me, and my vile *Mother Queen*,
To see her self, where she would have mee seen.
Good fellowship I'faith.

Hort. And I can tell,
True misery, loves a companion wel.

Phil. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a *Moor*,
That hath damnation dy'd upon his flesh;
'Twas well, thou *Mother* did'st unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy:
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found; and staid,
And thou who did'st betray me, art betraid.
A plague upon you all.

Card. Thou curseſt them,
Whom I may curse; first may I curse my self,
Too credulous of Loyalty and love;
Next may I curse the *Moor*, more then a Devill,
And last thy *Mother*, mother of all evill.

Queen Mo. All curses, and all crosses light on thee,

What need I curſe my ſelfe, when all curſe mee.
I have been deadly impious I confeſſe,
Forgive mee, and my ſin will ſeem the leſs:
This heavie chain which now my neck aſſaults,
Weighs ten times lighter then my heavie faults.

Phil. *Hortenzo*, I commend my ſelf to thee,
Thou that art near'ſt, ſtand'ſt furtheſt off from mee.

Horten. That mold of Hell, that *Moor* hath chain'd me here.
'Tis not my ſelf, but *Iſabel* I fear.

Act. V. Scena. V.

Enter Eleazar, Zarack, and Baltazar.

Eleaz. IT's strange! will not Prince *Philip* come with *Hortenzo*.

Zarack. He swears he'l live and die there.

Eleaz. Marry, and shall;
I pray perswade him you, to leave the place,
A prison? why its hell; Alas here they be,
Hah! they are they i'faith, see, see, see, see.

All. *Moor*, Devill, toad, serpent.

Eleaz. Oh sweet airs, sweet voices.

Isabel. Oh my *Hortenzo*!

Eleaz. Do not these birds sing sweetly *Isabella*?
Oh! how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing.

Phil. Damnation dog thee.

Card. Furies follow thee.

Qu Mo. Comretts confound thee.

Horten. And hell swallow thee.

Eleaz. Sweeter and sweeter still, Oh! harmony,
Why there's no musick like to miserie.

Isabel. Hast thou betrai'd me thus?
Eleaz. Not I, not I.
Phil. Sirrah, hedge-hog.
Eleaz. Hah! I'le hear thee presently.
Isabel. Hear me then, Hell-hound; slaves,
Unchain my love,
Or by———
Eleaz. By what? is't not rare walking here.
Me thinks this stage shews like a Tennis Court;
Do's it not *Isabell*? I'le shew thee how:
Suppose that Iron chain to be the line,
The prison doors the hazard, and their heads
Scarce peeping ore the line suppose the bals;
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball,
Over this Globe of earth, win sett and all.
Phil. How brisk the villain jetts in villany?
Eleax. Prating? he's proud because he wears a chain:
Take it off *Baltazar*, and take him hence.
They unbind him.
Phil. And whither then you dog?
Isabel. Pity my brother.
Eleaz. Pity him, no; away I come, do, come.
Phil. I pray thee kill me; come.

Eleaz.

Eleaz. I hope to see
Thy own hands do that office, down with him.

Phil Is there another hell?

2 *Moors.* Try, try, he's gone.

Eleaz. So him next, he next, and next him; and then?

All. Worse then damnation, feind, monster of men.

Eleaz. Why, when? down, down.

Card. Slave, as thou thrusts me down,
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

2. *Mo.* Amen, Amen.

Eleaz. Together so, and you.

Isabel. O pity my *Hortenzo*!

Horten. Farewel sweet *Isabel*, my life adieu.

All. Mischief and horror let the *Moor* pursue.

Eleaz. A consort, that amain, play that amain.
Amain, Amain. No; so soon fallen asleep,
Nay I'le not loose this musick, sirrah! sirrah!
Take thou a drum, a Trumpet thou, and Hark;
Mad them with villanous sounds.

Zarack. Rare sport, let's go.

Exeunt Zarack, Baltazar.

Eleaz. About it. Musick will doe well, in woe;

How like you this?
Isabel. set my *Hortenzo* free,
And I'le like any thing.
Eleaz. A fool, a fool?
Hortenzo free, why look you, hee free? no;
Then must he marry you, you must be Queen,
Hee in a manner King, these dignities
Like poyson make men swell, this Ratsbane honour
O 'tis so sweet, they'le lick it till all burst.
Hee will be proud, and pride you know must fall.
Come, come, he shall not; no, no; 'tis more meet,
To keep him down, safe standing on his feet.
Isabel. Eleazar?
Eleaz. Mark: the imperial chair of Spain,
Is now as empty as a Misers Alms;
Be wise, I yet dare sit in't, it's for you,
If you will be for me, there's room for two.
Do meditate, muse on't: it's best for thee
To love me, live with me, and lye with me.
Isabel. Thou knowst I'le first lye in the arms of death,
My meditations are how to revenge,
Thy bloody tyrannies; I fear thee not
Inhumane slave, but to thy face defie
Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarours villany.
Eleaz. Zarack. *Enter Zarack.*
Zarack.

Zarack. My Lord!
Eleaz. Where's *Baltazar*?
Zarack. A drumming.
Elea. I have made them rave, and curse, and
So; guard her:
Your Court shall be this prison, guard her slaves,
With open eyes; defie me? see my veins,
Struck't out, being over heated with my blood,
Boyling in wrath: I'le tame you.
Isabel. Do, do.
Eleaz. Hah!
I wil, and once more fil a kingdoms Throne
Spain I'le new-mould thee, I will have a chair
Made all of dead mens bones, and the ascents
Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks;
I willhave *Philip's* head, *Hortenzo's* head,
Mendoza's head, thy *Mothers* head, and this,
This head that is so crosse, I'le have't:
The Scene wants Actors, I'le fetch more, and cloth it
In rich Cothurnall pompe. A Tragedy
Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautifie.
Moor execute to'th life my dread cõmands,
Ven-

Vengeance awake, thou hast much work
in hand. *Exit*
Zarack. I'm weary of this office, and this
life,
It is too thirsty, and I would your blood,
Might scape the filling out: By heaven I
swear,
I scorn these blows, and his rebukes to bear.
Isabel. Oh! *Zarack* pity me, I love thee
well,
Love deserves pity, pity *Isabel*.
Zarack. What would you have me do?
Isabel. To kill this *Moor*.
Zarack. I'le cast an eye of death upon my
face.
I'le be no more his slave, swear to advance
me;
And by yo'n setting sun, this hand, and this
Shall rid you of a tyrant.
Isabel. By my birth;
No Spaniards honour'd place shall equall
thine.
Zarack I'le kill him then.
Isabel. And *Baltazar*.
Zarack. And hee,
Isabel. I pray thee first, fetch *Philippo* &
Hortenzo
Out of that Hell; they two will be most glad
To ayd thee; in this Execution;

Zarack

Zarack. My Lord *Philippo*; and *Hortenzo*; rise;
Your hands; so, talk to her; at my return
This sword shall reek with blood of *Baltazar*. *Exit.*
Phil. Three curses (like three comendations
To their three soules) I send; thy tortur'd *brother*
Does curse the *Cardinall*, the *Moor*, thy *Mother*.
Isabel. Curse not at all dear soules; revenge is hot,
And boyles in *Zaracks* brains; the plot is cast,
Into the mold of Hell: You freemen are;
Zarack will kill the *Moor*; and *Baltazar*.
Hort. How can that relish?
Isabel. Why? I'le tell you how?
I did profess; I, and protested too:
I lov'd him well, what will not sorrow do?
Then he profest; I, and protested too
To kill them both, what will not devils do?
Phil. Then I profess; I, and protest it too,
That here's for him, what will not *Philip* do?
Hort. See where hee coms.
Enter the two Moors.
Balt. *Zarack*, what do I see?
Hortenzo and *Philip*, who did this?
Zarack. I *Baltazar*. *Baltaz.*

Balt. Thou art halfe damn'd for it, I'le to my Lord.

Zarack. I'le stop you on your way, lie there; thy tongue shal tel no tales to day. *Stabs him.*

Phil. Nor thine to morrow, this revenge was well. *Stabs him.*

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hel'.

Isabel. *Philippo* and *Hortenzo* stand you still, what, doat you both? cannot you see your play? well fare a woman then, to lead the way. Once rob the dead, put the *Moors* habits on, and paint your faces with the oil of hell, so waiting on the Tyrant.

Philip Come no more, 'tis here, and here; room there below, stand wide, bury them well since they so godly di'd.

Hort. Away then, fate now let revenge be plac'd.

Philip. Here.

Hort. And here, a tyrants blood doth sweetly tast. *Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scena. VI.

Enter Eleazar, Alvero, Roderigo, Christofero, and other Lords.

Eleazar. WHat, I inprison, who?

All. *Philip* and *Hortenzo.*

Eleaz. *Philip* and *Hortenzo*, Ha, ha, ha.

Roder.

Roder. Why laughs the *Moor*?

Eleaz. I laugh because you jest; laugh at a jest, who I imprison them? I prize their lives with weights, their necks with chains, their hands with Manacles? do I all this, because my face is in nights colour dy'd.
Think you my conscience and my soul is so,
Black faces may have hearts as white as snow
And 'tis a generall rule in morall rowls,
The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

Alvero. But touching my *Hortenzo*.

Eleaz. Good old man, I never touch'd him, do not touch me then with thy *Hortenzo*.

Christofero. Where's *Philip* too?

Eleaz. And where's *Philippo* too? I pray I pray, is *Philip* a tame Spaniard, what can I philip him hither, hither make him flye. First where's *Hortenzo*, where's *Philippo* too?

Roderigo. And where is *Isabel*, she was with you.

Eleaz. And where is *Isabel*, she was with me, and so are you, yet are you well you see, but in good time, see where their keepers come. Come hither *Zarack*, *Baltazar*, come hither; *Zarack*, old Lord *Alvero* asks of thee, where young *Hortenzo* is.

Enter Philip and Hortenzo like Moors.

Horten. My Lord! set free.

Eleaz. Oh! is he so; come hither *Baltazar*, Lord

Lord *Chriſtofero* here would ask of thee
where Prince *Philippo* is.
Phil. My Lord ſet free.
Eleaz. Oh is he ſo! *Roderigo* asketh mee
for *Iſabel*,
Philip I ſay my Lord ſhee's free.
Eleaz. Oh! is ſhe ſo.
Phil. Believe me Lords.
Hortenzo. And mee.
Philip. I ſet *Philippo.*
Hortenzo. I *Hortenzo* free.
Eleaz. My Lords becauſe you ſhal believe
me too,
Go to the Caſtle, I will follow you.
Alv. Thanks to the mighty *Moor*, and for
his fame,
Be more in honour, then thou art in name;
But let me wiſh the other priſoners well,
The *Queen* and *Cardinall*, let all have right,
Let law abſolve them or diſolve them quite.
Eleaz. Grave man, thy gray hairs paint
out gravity,
Thy counſells wiſedom, thy wit pollicie.
There let us meet, and with a general brain,
Erect the peace of ſpirit and of Spain.
Alv. Then will Spain flouriſh.
Eleaz. I, when it is mine.
Roder. O heavenly meeting!
Eleaz. we muſt part in hell.

Chriſtofero

Chri. True peace of joy. *Exeunt* manent *Ele.* 'Tis a dissembling knel. *Ele. Phil. Hor.* Farewell my Lords, meet there so ha, ha, ha. *Draws his Rapier.* Now Tragedy thou Minion of the night, Rhamnusias pew-fellow; to thee I'le sing Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones, The proudest instrument the world affords; When thou in Crimson jollitie shalt Bath, Thy limbs as black as mine, in springs of blood; still gushing from the Conduit-head of Spain: To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks are full of blood. O! Saint revenge to thee: I consecrate my Murders, all my stabs, my bloody labours, tortures, stratagems: The volume of all wounds, that wound from me; mine is the stage, thine is the Tragedy. Where am I now? oh at the prison? true, *Zarack* and *Baltazar* come hither see, survey my Library. I study, I, whil'st you two sleep, marry 'tis villany. Here's a good book, *Zarack* behold it well, it's deeply written for 'twas made in hell. Now *Baltazar*, a better book for thee, but for my selfe, this, this, the best of all; and therefore do I chain it every day, for fear the Readers steal the art away. Where thou stand'st now, there must *Hortenzo* hang, Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang: there

Bal

Baltazar must Prince *Philip* stand, like damn'd *Prometheus*, and to act his part; shal have a dagger sticking at his heart. But in my room I'le set the *Cardinall*, and he shal preach Repentance to them all. Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. Damnation tickles him, he laughs again, *Philip* must stand there and bleed to death: Well villain I onely laugh to see, that we shal live to out-laugh him and thee.

Eleaz. Oh! fit, fit, fit, stay a rare jest, rare jest. *Zarack*, suppose thou art *Hortenzo* now? I pray thee stand in passion of a pang, to see by thee how quaintly he would hang.

Hort. I am *Hortenzo*, tut, tut, fear not man, thou lookest like *Zarack*,

Eleaz. I *Hortenzo*, here hee shall hang here, l'faith, come *Zarack* come, and *Baltazar*, take thou *Phylippo's* room. First let me see you pl c'.

Phil. We're plac'd.

Eleaz. Slaves, ha, ha, ha, you are but players, they must end the play: how like *Hortenzo* and *Philippo* ha, stand my two slaves, were they as black as you. Well *Zarack*, I'le unfix thee first of all, thou shalt help me to play the *Cardinall*; This Iron engine on his head I'le clap, like a Popes Miter, or a *Cardinalls* Cap. Then Manacle his hands as thou dost mine: so, so, I pray thee

thee *Zarack* let him free, that both of you may stand and laugh at mee.

Phil. 'Tis fine I'faith, cal in more company, *Alvero*, *Roderigo*, and the rest
Who will not laugh at *Eleazars* jest.

Eleaz. What? *Zarack*, *Baltazar*.

Phil. I, anon, anon, we have not laught nough, it's but begun. *Who knocks.*

Eleaz. Unmanacle my hands I say.

Phil. Then shall we mar our mirth and spoil the play. *Who knocks within.*

Alv. *Alvero.*

Phil. Let *Alvero* in.

Eleaz. And let me out. *Enter all below.*

Phil. I thank you for that flout,
To let *Alvero* in, and let you out.

Eleaz. Villains, slaves, am I not your Lord the *Moor*, and *Eleazar*.

Qu. Mo. And the Devill of hell,
And more then that, and *Eleazar* too.

Eleaz. And Devills dam, what do I here with you.

Qu. Mo. My tongue shall torture thee.

Eleaz. I know thee then, all womens tongues are tortures unto men.

Qu. Mo. Spaniards this was the villain, this is he who through enticements of alluring lust, and glory which makes silly women proud, and men malicious, did incense my

my ſpirit beyond the limits of a woman mind, to wrong my ſelf and that Lord *Cardinall*; And that which ſticks more nea unto my blood, he that was neareſt to my blood; my ſon to diſpoſſeſſe him of hi right by wrong. Oh! that I might embrac him on this breſt, which did encloſe him when he firſt was born. No greater happineſſe can heaven ſhowre upon me; then to circle in theſe arms of mine, that ſon whoſe Royall blood I did defame, to Crown with honour an ambitious *Moor*.

Phil. Thus then thy happineſſe is compleat: *Embraces her.*
Behold thy *Philip* ranſom'd from that priſon
In which the Moor had cloiſtered him.

Hor. And here's *Hortenzo*.

Eleaz. Then am I betray'd and cozen'd in my own deſigns: I did contrive their ruine, but their ſubtil policie hath blaſted my ambitious thoughts: Villains! where's *Zarack*? where's *Baltazar*? what have you done with them.

Phil. They're gon to *Pluto's* kingdom to provide a place for thee, and to attend thee there; but leaſt they ſhould be tyr'd with too long expecting hopes. Come brave ſpirits of Spain, this is the *Moor* the actor of theſe evills:

vils: Thus thrust him down to act amongst the devills. *Stabs him.*

Eleaz. And am I thus dispatch'd; had but breath'd the space of one hour longer, would have fully acted my revenge. But oh! now pallid death bids me prepare, and hast to *Charon* for to be his fare.

I com, I com, but ere my glasse is run, I'le curse you all, and cursing end my life. Maist thou *Lascivious Queen* whose damned charms, bewitch'd me to the circle of thy arms, unpitied dye, consumed with loathed lust, which thy venereous mind hath basely nurst. And for you *Philip*, may your days be long, but clouded with perpetuall misery. May thou *Hortenzo*, and thy *Isabell*, be fetch'd alive by Furies into hell, there to be damn'd for ever, oh! I faint; Devills com claim your right, and when I am, confin'd within your kingdom then shall I, out-act you all in perfect villany. *Dyes.*

Phil. Take down his body while his blood streams forth, his acts are past, and our last act is done. Now do I challenge my Hereditary right, to th' Royall Spanish throne usurp'd by him. In which, in all your sights I thus do plant my self. Lord *Cardinall*, and you the *Queen my mother*, I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

Qu. Mo. I'le now repose my self in
peacefull rest,
And flye unto some solitary residence;
Where I'le spin out the remnant of my life,
In true contrition for my past offences.
Phil. And now *Hortenzo* to close up your
wound,
I here contract my sister unto thee,
With Comick joy to end a Tragedie.
And for this Barbarous *Moor*, and his black
train,
Let all the *Moors* be banished from Spain.

Exeunt.

The end of the fifth Act.

FINIS.